



The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

APRIL 1952

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Contents

ARTICLES

Easter in the Family	Mazelle Wildes Thomas	2
Happiness—Unlimited: A Teen-Ager Finds the Church	Luther J. Tigner	4
Vocation—Doing a Job Well	R. Perry Bartlett	9
Families at Home Can Help the Morale of Their Servicemen Relatives	Chaplain James W. Carty, Jr.	11
The Home as a Teacher of Christian Attitudes (Study Article)	Dorothea Pflug	13
Family Life in Jamaica	Archie A. Allan	16
Exile from Home	William Folprecht	18
Prayer and Faith Will Conquer	Estelle Finnegan	21
Worship in the Family with Young Children	Juanita Purvis	22
Where There's a Will There Must Be Intelligence	William J. Murdoch	31
Don't Burn the House Down	Walter King	36

FICTION

Something for Lucy	Eva Pimienta	6
Dear Traction Company	Helen M. Campbell	29
Stories for Children		
Cuddle Bear Makes a Mistake	Anne M. Halladay	26
Little Bunny Putt-Putt	Marion Marsh Brown	27

FEATURES

All in the Family	Harold Helfer	20
Resources for Worship With Young Children		24
This Is the Way We Did It: Handled with a Club	Lewellyn Cowan	28
Are You a Modern Home Man: A Quiz	Walter King	30
Family Counselor	Dr. George W. Crane	33
What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life	J. D. Montgomery	35
For Good Times in the Home		
Foolish Fun for a Foolish Day	Loie Brandom	38
Party Sandwiches		39
Biblegram	Hilda E. Allen	40
Study Guide on "The Home as a Teacher of Christian Attitudes"		
Dorothea Pflug		43
Books for the Hearth Side		45
Timely Tips	Mary Elsnar	47

Published Jointly Each Month By

Christian Board of Publication

Oreon E. Scott, *President*
2700 Pine Boulevard, St. Louis 3, Mo.

The American Baptist Publication Society

Luther Wesley Smith, *Executive Secretary*
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.
No. 4

Vol. 4

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

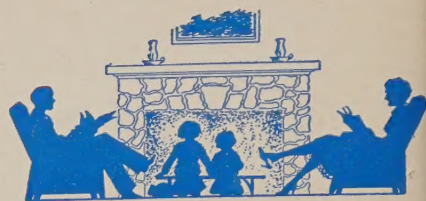
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Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscription, \$3.00 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Fireside Chat

● Nearly fifty years ago, on an Indian reservation accessible only by stagecoach, at a missionary school, one of the teachers declared: "We can teach the children our ways of living and they readily follow the white man's pattern of life while in school. But as soon as they return to their wigwams, their families ridicule them and they revert to their old tribal customs."

The attitudes in all our homes today are just as important, but because our way of life is more complex, the influence of the home may not be so clear. "The Home as a Teacher of Christian Attitudes" describes one phase.

● Easter is an elusive date on each year's calendar. But before the sun announces that Easter is here, be sure to read "Easter in the Family."

● Another school year soon will end and our young people are already looking jobward, either for the summer months or for their life's work. Their attitude toward work may have more to do with their ultimate success than the grades they leave behind him. "Vocation—Doing a Job Well" should inspire everyone who has work to do.

● Chaplain James W. Carty, Jr., counsels erring airmen sent to the guardhouse for their first offense. Now Chaplain Carty isn't one to cry over split rations. Instead, he starts digging for the roots of the servicemen's problems and comes up with advice to their families. If you have no serviceman in your family, you may want to pass the article along to friends who do have.

● "Worship in the Family with Young Children" has a fresh approach to a difficult problem.

● Our family tour takes us to Jamaica. And the missionary who writes the article really knows the Jamaicans.

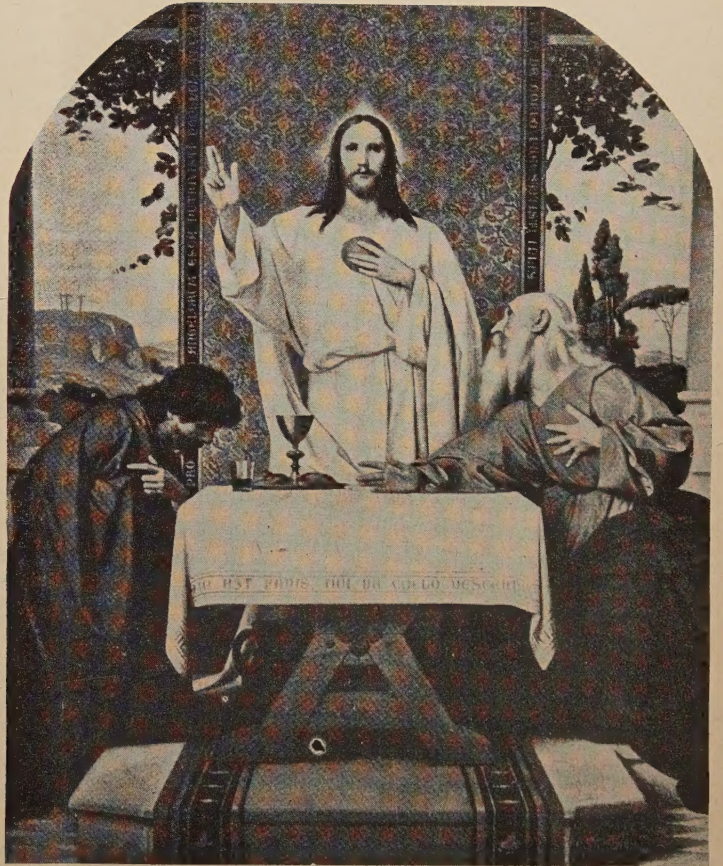
Next Month . . . Whew! And only room to list a few titles! Family Growth by Grace at Table; Children's Books for Summer Pleasure, by a children's librarian; Family at Work, by the mother of four teen-agers; She Taught a Generation to Pray (a sketch of Mary Alice Jones); Family Life in Mexico; The Power of the Tongue; The When and How of Retirement; a Hemisphere Party.

Errata: Dorothy Richeson wrote the Study Guide in the February *Hearthstone*, instead of Ruth E. Lentz.

Picture Credits

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A
Word
from
The Word



THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS

—Muller.

The Walk to Emmaus

So they drew near to the village to which they were going; and he made as though he would go further, but they constrained him, saying "Stay with us, for it is toward evening and the day is now far spent." So he went in to stay with them. When he was at table with them, he took the bread and blessed, and broke it, and gave it to them. And their eyes were opened and they recognized him; and he vanished out of their sight. They said to each other, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked to us on the road, while he opened to us the scriptures?" And they rose that same hour and returned to Jerusalem; and they found the eleven gathered together and those who were with them, who said, "The Lord has risen indeed, and has appeared to Simon!" Then they told what had happened on the road, and how he was known to them in the breaking of the bread.

Luke 24:28-35.

Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion

EASTER

in the

WINTER'S icy fingers are clutching at the snowy remnants of a disappearing season, tossing now and then a bit of chill and cold into the path of Spring. But Spring, that most glorious of all seasons, is on her way. On every hand are signs of life's awakening—joyous manifestations of the period known throughout Christendom as the Eastertide.

As Spring is often bound in by Winter's ice and snow, so now bound, in part, is the festival of Easter. Not chained by Winter is this holiday, but fettered by the bonds of all-too-enterprising businessmen. The glad Easter time has become a tool for them—a motivating tool to boost the sales of every kind of merchandise. For weeks and months, through every advertising medium, we would be coaxed and wheedled into buying everything from rum to roller skates to help our families celebrate the festive time.

The enterprising business genii in our commercial world have unintentionally usurped the rightful place of church and home to bring a meaning of the Easter time to those around us.

And why? Because you and I, along with our neighbors, have been blinded and beguiled by green and yellow ribbons. We have tripped into the market places, led on by the "pied pipers" of our town, whose music may have even been the "Hallelujah Chorus."

You and I have helped to obscure the real meaning of Easter from the eyes of our children by throwing tons and tons of chocolate Easter rabbits in their way. We have buried the spirit of the Easter time under mountainous baskets of candy Easter eggs. Patent leather shoes, flower bedecked bonnets, and organdy dresses have "clothed" the day for our children.

Is there, then, no place for flowers, sweets, new suits and gowns on Easter Day? I think there is—a rightful place—for gifts and bits of finery on this festive day, but surely not to the exclusion of the proper preparation for the religious observance of the Holy Day.

What, then, can we as parents do about it? We can reclaim the day for our children and restore it to the area of their experience where it belongs.

And how? We can make a concentrated effort to review and teach anew the religious interpretation of this great Christian festival.

Here is some information for our guidance as we seek to revitalize the meaning of Easter in the life of our children, to make it a genuine part of their religious knowledge and experience.

New Testament scholars and those who have studied the early days of the Christian church tell us that the death and resurrection of Christ was of considerably greater significance to the early Christians than was his birth. Therefore, the observance of Easter, commemorating Christ's resurrection, was developed before the commemoration of Christmas. The actual day and date of Jesus' resurrection was the topic of debate for centuries. We now follow the calendar made in 1582 during the time of Pope Gregory XIII. We celebrate Easter on the first Sunday after the full moon, or after the first day of spring, which is March 21. If the full moon falls on Sunday, then Easter comes the next Sunday. It is of additional interest to know that the word *Easter* is derived from the word *Eastre*, which was the name of the Teutonic goddess of spring and of dawn.

The Easter festival has woven about it a wealth of tradition, coming to us from many parts of the world. Children should know that this is a part of their religious heritage. Such knowledge will, in a measure, help to counteract the increasingly growing tendency to commercialize the Holy Day.

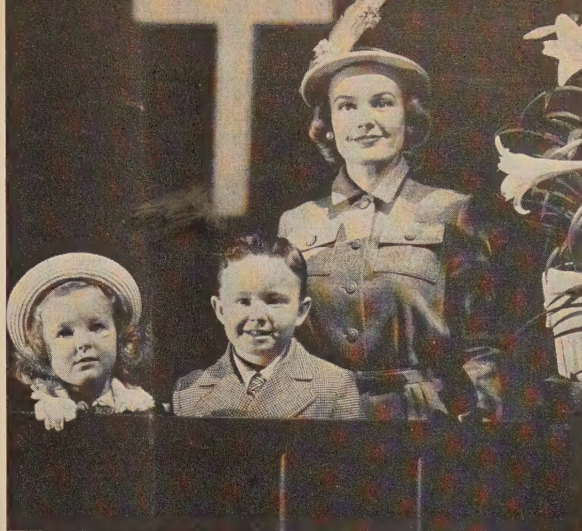
Many of the customs surrounding Easter came from the festival of spring gladness. The spirit of radiant joy and renewed life seem to be an important part of the celebration in every country. The egg has been associated with the Easter observance since the beginning. It is the symbol of new life.

Many Americans of Italian descent continue to observe Easter as did their forebears in their mother country. Throughout the Lenten season they do not eat any eggs. Then, during Easter Week, they make calls from home to home and eat an egg with every host. The eggs are colored and have been blessed by the ministers or priests of the church.

In Persia beautifully decorated eggs are exchanged as gifts by friends. They symbolize new hope and new life at the time of this spring festival.

By MAZELLE WILDES THOMAS

*To strip this important day
of all commercial regalia and
to transform it into
a real festival of joy,
parents will need to know how
to make it more meaningful
in their homes*



FAMILY

In old Russia the Christians celebrated Easter with gifts to their friends to commemorate the Resurrection of Christ, in the same manner as we exchange gifts at the Christmas time to commemorate the birth of Jesus.

From Romania comes one legend of how eggs came to be decorated. The legend tells us that Mary, the mother of Jesus, went to those in authority at the hour of the crucifixion and begged them to release her son. She took with her a basket of eggs, offering them to the officers in charge. When they refused, she placed the eggs at the foot of the cross, and there they were dyed red by the Lord's blood. Therefore, years later, eggs were dyed to remind people of the death and resurrection of Jesus.

In Mexico, the people form colorful parades and processions to church on Easter morning. They are joyous and gay in the knowledge that Jesus lives forever in their hearts and minds.

In certain parts of England the church bells remain silent from Maundy Thursday until early Easter morn. Then they ring out in unrestrained peals of joy to tell the world again the wondrous news of the resurrected Christ.

The Easter bunny has always played a prominent role in the celebration of the day among young children. As long as he remains a "pretend" figure in their experience, he can continue to bring them happiness. The legend of the Easter bunny comes from Germany. As the story goes, on the morning the spring festival was to be celebrated, a mother living in a lonely village found herself without any flowers or sweets to give her children. She did have plenty



of eggs. These she quickly colored and rushed to the near-by forest to hide them in moss-lined nests. Then the children were sent to the forest on an egg hunt. As they searched for the eggs a white bunny was frightened from beneath a hedge and the children saw him leap across their baskets. They were convinced that the rabbit was an Easter rabbit and that he had brought them their colored eggs.

Our children should know that great multitudes of Christians attend sunrise services throughout the world on Easter. Especially outstanding is the one at Honolulu. Here, high above this beautiful city, is a massive outdoor cathedral, once an active volcano. There on the summit of old Punch bowl, as the mountain is called, has been erected a lofty, forty-foot cross. From Good Friday until Easter night it is covered with snowy white linen. During the day it is magnificently lighted by the tropical sunshine, and at night by powerful searchlights. Thousands make a yearly pilgrimage to Honolulu to participate in the sunrise services there.

When once we decide to make Easter a meaningful religious experience, we find that there is an abundance of material at hand to be shared.

Certain guiding principles should be kept in mind as we prepare children for the celebration that we shall observe with them.

(Continued on page 42.)

Program
The
KEEN TEENERS CLUB
of
Everybody's Church
corner of
Your Street and My Street
Ourtown, US of America
presents

.. . Happiness - A TEEN-AGER FIND

SCENE 1: *In front of the corner drugstore.*
SCENE 2: *At the soda counter.*

Betty and Bob



"Do Betty and I look starved for good times?" asked Bob.

Sandy



"You let me pick up the check and I'll go to that committee meeting with you tonight."

The Committee in Charge

URGES

you to stay for

refreshments afterwards

HOW ABOUT going to see John Garfield at the Majestic tonight?" suggested Sandra Sue as she and Betty stopped at the corner in front of Balzer's Drugstore where they always separated on their way home from high school. But before Betty could refuse, Sandra continued, "Gwen says 'Dream Boat' is out of this world. She saw it last night." Then, taking a step toward Betty and leaning close so that the other high-schoolers passing by might not hear, she whispered, "She went

with Larry Folsom, and they were out at the Lucky Five afterward. But Gwen said she only barely tasted the cocktail Larry ordered for her. I wonder if she really did!"

"John Garfield's all right if you like that type, I guess," Betty answered. "But I couldn't go tonight, anyhow. I've got a committee meeting at the church."

"A committee meeting," mimicked Sandra Sue. "You've always got committee meetings!"

"Well, at least it's something to do, and you know you're always saying there's nothing to do in this town. And, besides, I've promised Mr. Parsons I'd be there. That minister's super, too. I wouldn't let him down."

"Oh, Mr. Parsons is all right. But he'd never remember whether you had been there or not. And this is the last night for 'Dream Boat.' Don't you ever get tired of being a do-gooder?"

Betty smiled good-naturedly. She had been all over this with Sandra Sue before. "I tell you I like to go to the church, Sandy. You'd be better off there than being lonesome and wishing fellows like Larry Folsom would ask you

Unlimited

THE CHURCH

for a date. He's twenty-two and yet he's always messing around with high-school girls. Besides, I owe it to the church, even if I didn't want to go."

"Owe it to the church? Why would you owe anything to a church?" Sandra Sue looked at her friend much as a mother hen might look at her adopted duckling children when they found water for the first time. In her amazement she had almost shouted, and both girls were surprised when a pleasant masculine voice broke in:

"Who owes what to which church, and why?" It was Bob Jones, president of the youth fellowship in Betty's church, who was just a year older than the two girls.

"Oh, it's Betty!" said Sandra Sue vehemently. "Every time I want her to do something she has to go to a committee meeting—a committee meeting at the church, if you please. I wanted to see 'Dream Boat.' It's at the Majestic for the last time tonight, but she says she can't go. A committee meeting!" she repeated scornfully. "Have you seen it?" she added, looking calculatigly at Bob.

"No, and I'm afraid I won't get to," was his reply. "You see I go to church committee meetings, too. And I have to go to the one Betty has been talking about. It's a rather important one. It's the

steering committee for our Youth Mission, and Mr. Parsons will be there to help us select the special committees for it. There should be a dozen or more of the gang there. Why don't you come too, Sandy, as our guest? There will be some refreshments and a good time afterward," he persuaded.

"A good time? Me, at a church committee meeting? Don't be silly. I just don't react. And what you two see in it, I can't figure out. You both seem normal every other way."

"Don't be a goop, Sandy," said Bob, laughing at her mystification. "You just don't know what the church is like. Don't you ever go, anywhere?"

"Oh, I've gone there some. I used to go to Sunday school when I was a kid. It's too stuffy for me."

"Sandy, you don't know what you're talking about," said Betty emphatically. "I'll bet you have never attended *our* youth department or you wouldn't say that. Why don't you try it? You've no idea how much you'd like it!"

"If you two will tell me one thing you get out of church except a headache or being bored stiff all the time, I'll come."

"One thing?" said Bob soberly, "Why, I can name a dozen."

"And so can I," seconded Betty.

"Well, I'm waiting," challenged Sandra Sue.

"In the first place—and this may sound stuffy to you—the church has helped me to get ready for life." Bob was very thoughtful as he spoke. "I used to wonder what I'd ever do and how I could make up my mind about my lifework. I was just thinking about myself and how I could make the most money and have the best time. Then one night Mr. Parsons talked to us in our good-night circle about the price people had to pay for democracy and freedom and our way of life—and how, if we ourselves didn't pay for it, someone had to pay for us. I didn't realize for two or three days just what he meant. But I couldn't put it out of my mind. Then, all at once, there it was: our lives don't really belong to us but to society—to God, actually."

He flushed a little and went on self-consciously, "I suppose this sounds like preaching to you, Sandy, and you'll think it's just silly, but I'm going to give my life in service for others. Maybe I'll be a doctor or a scientist; maybe a missionary, or even a minister like Mr. Parsons. I haven't decided just which yet." His earnestness kindled something like a thrill in the heart of Sandra Sue and she laid her hand impulsively on his arm.

"No," she replied, "it doesn't sound silly to me, Bob. Those are the finest professions I know. But there are lots of good people in them who never go to church. You don't need to, to be a doctor for instance, and I . . ."

"But motivation comes from the church," interrupted Betty, "even if such people never know it. Mr. Parsons preached one day about people who 'drink from springs whose source they never know.' The church is the source of every high ideal in society, and every person who gives his life for others is following the example of Christ, the head of the church. But for me," she went on, "the great thing I get out of the church is a feeling of security and peace. When I go to worship I feel as if I could walk right out through a den of lions the way Isaiah did."

(Continued on page 46.)

"Operations Easter" might well have been the name of the secret project of a refugee and a handicapped engineer when they decided to make...

Something

for

AFTER LUCY left for work Jim wheeled himself to the side window. One of his few diversions was looking out at the house next door. Old man Lehmann was already on the back porch with scraps of pumpernickel and yellow bread for the birds. Each morning he waved at Jim, and because the old Jew amused him, he waved back. Isaac and his wife had made several overtures of friendship, but Jim would have none of what he was sure was pity.

This morning Isaac was busy coaxing a haughty cardinal from its perch on a telephone pole. Twice the bright bird left his post and twice he returned without alighting. Jim found himself tensing with the old man as Isaac attempted to imitate the bird's curious whistle. As they were about to give up, there was a flash of red against the snow as the cardinal alighted, picked up a crumb, and immediately flew away. Isaac's delight was so apparent that Jim impulsively raised his fists together.

"Bravo!" he shouted, more in amusement than anything else.

Just then Molly Lehmann came out on the porch. She removed Isaac's skull cap, set his felt hat on his head, and helped him into

his topcoat. They were both talking at once. Jim supposed he was telling her about the bird and she was scolding because of his lack of wraps. She waved at Jim and disappeared into the house, and Isaac went down the back steps and off toward the neighborhood grocery. Jim felt a sudden loneliness, and the grayness that had held him the day before threatened to descend again. Thinking about it now he tried to remember what had made him more bitter than usual yesterday. Maybe it was the bleak, cold day, or maybe it had been the sort of happiness about Lucy when she came home at a little after five. She had laid a light, paper-wrapped parcel in his lap. Her cheeks had been rosy and damp with melting snowflakes.

"I walked home," she had said. "It is nearly spring. I brought you one of the first signs. I got them in the dime store for you."

With mild curiosity he had torn open the package and looked up at her in surprise, holding up a bright yellow jonquil.

"Flowers for the invalid, eh?" he had remarked.

She had smiled, brushing her face against his.

"No, I guess they are for me, too."

She had busied herself getting dinner while he listened to the news. Her humming had grated against him like a rasp. When they had sat down to eat, his nerves were ready to explode and her trivial conversation had touched off that explosion.

"Easter is less than two weeks away," she had said. "I saw the most beautiful suit in Barton's store window. It was a sky blue, but it was seventy-five dollars."

The way she had said it had made it sound like a million.

"Why didn't you buy it, Lucy?" he had asked, a strange feeling pushing up against his ribs.

"Jim, you know we can't afford it," she had told him. There had been no attitude of martyrdom in her voice, but something had driven him to hurt her.

"Why didn't you buy it, Lucy, and get a husband with legs while you are still young?"

HE KNEW he had hurt her many times before, but never like this. She had made an effort at cheerfulness afterward but had failed utterly. Later, when she had gotten him ready for bed he had desperately wanted to ask her forgiveness but something held him. Her hands were unusually tender as if in mild reproach, and he shut himself in a prison of bitterness for the entire night.

In that prison had been all the memories of their happy days together, and also of that dark, rainy night on the highway when all their happiness had vanished. He had seen the other car swerve, but he, too, was driving fast, eager for his weekend with Lucy. The other man had died as a result of the accident and sometimes Jim envied him. An engineering career was gone; work he loved denied him, for he never tired of the activity of construction. There was something about the building

**A Story by
EVA PIMIENTA**

Lucy

"Flowers for the invalid, eh?" he remarked as he held up one of the bright yellow jonquils Lucy had brought home. "No, I guess they are for me, too," she had said.

of a dam that excited and satisfied him, but it was a man's work and a man needed legs. Sure, the doctors had been optimistic. A couple more operations and there might be a chance of his walking again. It was a chance he wasn't going to take. He was tired of pain and false hope. It was better to get used to the monotony of uselessness and total dependency upon another. Lucy's parents had wanted them to live with them but he had insisted that they cut themselves off from their former friends and move to the city.

So here they were in a little run-down house on the wrong side of the tracks. Lucy had gotten a job in a bank and with an occasional insurance check they managed the necessities. Beyond today there seemed to be no future for them. They talked no more of the children they had wanted or the house he had wanted to build for her. Her attempts to bring a little relief to their gray days only made his bitterness more acute. He had wanted so much for Lucy!



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TIMMINS

It ate at him like a malignant growth because he could now give her nothing, and instead of giving her encouragement and hope he hardly gave her a demonstration of affection without later taking away the pleasure by some word of sheer cruelty.

And she was so strong for one so slight. Once when he had attempted to use crutches he had fallen and she had lifted and held him almost like a child while he had cried in her arms. His weakness had shamed him and her strength humiliated him. He had resolved then never to let his emotion break, and the hated crutches were lying idle in the clothes closet.

TURNING AWAY now from the dreary day outside, he turned on the radio. It was after he had listened with disgust to the "Life and Loves of Eva Blake" that he heard a knock at the front door. It was Isaac Lehmann.

"Come in," Jim invited, without much enthusiasm.

"Just had mine constitutional," Isaac told Jim, still puffing a little.

"Ah, such a boid that cardinal! A king among the boids," he continued.

"I never paid much attention to birds," Jim said.

"Nor me, until I retired," Isaac admitted, "but now it's mine hobby."

He looked out the west window, observing the unshaded street.

"The light is good for sewing here in the afternoons, no?"

"For sewing?" Jim asked. "I suppose so, but I don't have any on hand right now."

The old man smiled.

"I do. I'm making Molly a suit for the Passover holidays. Every three years I make her a suit."

"Then you're a tailor?"

"Yes, ever since I'm a boy in Germany, I'm a tailor. Our Passover comes about the same time as the Christian Easter."

"I know, my wife wanted a suit for Easter, too, but *she* can't afford it," Jim said bitterly, almost to himself.

"I can make a woman's suit in a little over a week, and Easter is nearly two weeks away," Isaac said.

Jim looked at him in resentment.

"Don't tell me you want to make my wife a suit?" he said crossly.

Isaac was looking at the good, broad fingers of Jim's idle hands.

"Vell, I thought you might help me make it for her."

Jim had one of the best laughs he had had for a long time while Isaac sat mildly by.

"You think I'm—" the old tailor hesitated, "nuts?"

Jim nodded.

"It was just an idea. I can buy the wool wholesale and it would cost you very little. I only thought it would be something nice for your wife."

They talked about other things for a few moments and then Isaac prepared to leave. In spite of himself the old man's suggestion began to take hold of Jim. "Something nice for your wife," Isaac had said. He had no illusions about being able to help, but a tailor-made suit might make up for a lot of things.

"Mr. Lehmann," Jim said, with new respect, "how much would a suit cost? I'd pay you for your labor, of course."

"Without the labor about forty dollars. Mine labor comes high, two dollars." His eyes twinkled.

"Oh, no!" Jim told him. "It's no go, then."

"Why not? I'd rather sew than eat, and ask mine vife how much I like to eat. Besides, she would be glad to get me out of the house."

If it had been for himself Jim wouldn't have accepted, but as long as it was for Lucy he decided to let the old man do it.

"I want it to be a surprise. There is a suit in Barton's store window. Do you suppose we can copy it?"

It was like a challenge to Isaac Lehmann. It was obvious that he looked forward to the work with pleasure.

Life, believe, is not a dream,

So dark as sages say;

Of a little morning rain

Foretells a pleasant day!

—Charlotte Bronte

"I'll try," he said. "Molly and I are going downtown this afternoon. I'll have her draw a picture while I look for the wool."

IT WAS LATE afternoon when Isaac and Molly came from town. She was utterly delighted.

"Here is your picture, Papa."

"You call this a picture?" Isaac asked.

"He wants yet a Rembrandt," she told Jim. "Everything is there you need to know, Papa."

"Can you do it?" Jim asked.

"Yes, I think so, but there is no time to waste. The wool is a shade darker than the suit in the window."

Molly unwrapped the material. Whether it was darker or not, it was still Lucy's color.

Jim went into the bedroom to get the money for the wool, and then he remembered he had Lucy put it in a box with some papers on the top shelf of the closet. It was part of an insurance check. "For an emergency," Jim had said. Well, this was one.

"Mrs. Lehmann," he called, "will you get a box down from the shelf for me?"

Molly got the box and when she put it back she pointed to the crutches standing in a corner.

"Do you use them?" she asked.

"No, I don't," he said briefly, closing the door.

They returned to the living room and Jim paid Isaac for the material, thread, and findings for the suit.

"We will start tomorrow morning," Isaac told him. "We will need a good table, a suit of your wife's that fits her poifect, an ironing board, and an iron. I'll bring over mine electric portable."

When Lucy came home from work Jim was so occupied with his idea he forgot to be bitter. He greeted her with an almost jovial attitude and surveyed her figure speculatively. They passed an almost happy evening and Jim woke the next morning with a sense of expectation. In his eagerness to have her leave he kissed her full on the lips. Her happiness at his unusual affection gave him a feeling of guilt. Why couldn't he always return her love?

AT TEN O'CLOCK Isaac came over with his sewing machine and other equipment. They first began to measure Lucy's old suit. Jim measured while Isaac made notes.

"The waistband?" he asked.

"About twenty-four inches," Jim told him.

"Do you measure 'abouts' for bridges?"

Jim grinned and shook his head.

"Neither for sewing," Isaac said.

Jim began to see that it was true. A growing admiration replaced his first amusement at seeing a man do what he had always felt was a woman's work. As Isaac marked, tacked, and cut, Jim found himself interested in something for the first time in many months of being an "invalid."

"It's an experience for Papa, too," Molly said when she brought soup, corned beef sandwiches on rye, and apple pie for their lunch. "He never made a suit without somebody trying it on, except once for a dead man."

They worked until four-thirty and Jim made a scramble to hide the evidences of their activity

(Continued on page 41.)



Bridge, ship and city skyscrapers—all are monuments to jobs well done. But whether you are engineer, architect, social worker, housewife or anything else, if your work renders a service to the community, it is a divine vocation.



Whatever your vocation, if you want satisfaction and enjoyment from life, the acquisition of wealth should not be your only goal.

Vocation—

Doing a

Job

Well

If you are considering a new job or appraising an old one, there are some sparks of inspiration which may help to brighten your future

By R. PERRY BARTLETT

WHAT KIND of job do I want?" "What profession shall I choose for my life's work?" These are some of the questions which, I daresay, many of you young people are seeking to answer, and rightly so. However, important as it is for you to prepare for and to work at the right job, it is equally important that you have the right philosophy about your job and about work in

general. For, when we talk about vocations, we are not only referring to the kind of job but also to the work done on the job. The word *vocation* implies something about the quality of work done. Certainly that is what is involved when we say, "Make your vocation Christian."

Whether you do your job well depends a lot on your own thoughts concerning the purpose of work. Why does a person work? Why try to hold down a job? I am of the opinion that if you asked several people such questions you would get varying answers. One reply would surely be, "I work to earn a living." And, of course, people do work to earn a livelihood. But is that the most potent reason why people spend years preparing for a job and most of their waking hours in doing it?

Hardly so, if there is a desire to do good work and enjoyment in achievement. Another answer most assuredly would be, "I work to get money so that I can buy the things I want. What other reason is there?" Many people do work only for profit and selfish satisfaction, with very little thought as to how their dealings are affecting their own peace of mind and the conditions of their fellowmen. Just because this is true with some people does not make it right.

Several years ago I heard a man remark, "I lament the passing of the days of millionaires—the day when it was possible to accumulate great wealth—because it robs our youth of the incentive to do their best work." It is not my purpose here to debate the issue as to whether or not the day of million-

aires is past. But I think it is time to disprove the statement that young people must be tantalized by the reward of great wealth, as you would hold a bone before a dog, if they are to do their work well. More than that, it is wrong to let go unchallenged the implication that all of man's outstanding achievements were made possible because he was motivated by a desire to accumulate wealth. It is rather amusing even to hint that Florence Nightingale, Dr. Walter Reed or Winfred Grenfell did what they did in the field of medicine just to get wealth. It is amusing because it is so far from the truth. It is utterly false to imply that the world's great works of music, art and literature which we enjoy exist because people like Mozart and Beethoven, Milton and Shakespeare were "out to make money." John Milton, we are told, sold his masterpiece, "Paradise Lost," for the magnificent sum of fifty dollars.

THERE are more motives behind a day's work than merely to earn a living or to make money. If you are to do your job well and enjoy a sense of meaningful and worthwhile existence, your outlook upon your work must include some of these nobler reasons for choosing and working at a vocation. The Christian faith is of great help at this point. Let's explore the possibilities of such assistance.

For one thing, our faith says, "Serve God through your daily work!" We are told in the Christian gospel that God is concerned with all areas of life. Therefore God must be involved in the vocation you choose and the work you do when on the job. In fact, someone has said that through our vocations we have our greatest opportunities to serve God and His kingdom. This is true whether you plan to be a farmer, a doctor, a housewife, a teacher, a preacher or a plumber. You will spend a large portion of your time on the job. If God is not at stake in your vocation, he is at stake very little in your whole life.

The late Dr. Ernest Tittle has explained it by means of the following illustration: "My job, let

us suppose, is making shoes. Shoes are essential to the well-being of the community. Here, then, is my primary opportunity and obligation. If I make a good pair of shoes and the market is at a fair price after having paid my employees a just wage, I am keeping faith with God and my fellow men. If I fail to do this, I may seek in some other way to do good in the world, but nothing I may do elsewhere can alter or atone for the fact that at the point of my primary opportunity and obligation I am betraying God and the people." It is hard to find a more concise statement of the Christian idea of vocation.

The same thought is indicated in the expression, "a divine vocation." Too long this term has had reference only to occupations associated with the church—the ministry, missions, religious education. Actually, any work which renders a necessary service to the community is a divine vocation. A talented young man who had been active in the affairs of the church was approached by his minister and asked, "Have you ever considered the ministry as your life's work?" He said in answer, "Yes, I have thought and prayed about it a lot, but I am convinced that God wants me in governmental service." God's calls do come in such ways and for such service! Some calls come to be doctors, others to be teachers; some to be housewives, and others to be nurses; some to be businessmen, others to be farmers. Through the "calls" God says, "In this vocation serve Me and witness to My way in Christ—the way of integrity and service."

TO HELP you to "succeed" in your vocation, Christianity says, "In such a world as this it is the people that count." Since that is true, you are more likely to do your job in the way it should be done if you think of it in terms of people—the people for whom you work, the people with whom you work, the people whose welfare is dependent upon your honesty and fair-dealing. Dr. George Buttrick once observed, "There are businessmen who see only

things—sales resistance, charts, profits; there are other businessmen who see faces—faces of those who work for them and faces of those who have no work. There are statesmen who see only things—battleships, voting booths, newspaper headlines; and there are other statesmen who see faces—faces of the poor, faces of little children and faces slain in war." When you see faces in your vocation, you will do a better job than when all you can see is profit which will make possible that new convertible, new clothes like the "Joneses," or the latest thing in television. What will my way of doing business, my way of carrying on my vocation mean to others? Will it benefit or harm them? Christianity holds that these are extremely vital questions in determining "success" in life.

THE CHRISTIAN faith asserts a further truth, "We are here to contribute something to life and not merely take from it." Your vocation is your finest chance to give to life. On the job you can grow spiritually. You have the opportunity to practice under everyday conditions what God requires of you—"to do justly, and to love kindness and to walk humbly with thy God."

When you do your job well, you are doing much to better world conditions. It has been said that we can expect no great improvement in world conditions as long as people do poor work when on the job. Here is a contribution each of us can make to a world looking for brotherhood and peace.

One of the priceless blessings which God has given is that of work. When you are choosing the vocation in which you will invest your abilities, consider at the same time the manner of that investment. Are you to offer your best for a job well done or are you going to be satisfied to give your second best for a job which is mediocre and unproductive of real joy and achievement? Much is at stake in your decision—your loyalty to God, your service to your fellowmen, your contribution to a better world.

As a chaplain who interviews newcomers to the guardhouse at a large Army Air Force training base, the author is in a strategic position to know how . . .



In a simulated interview, the author (left) counsels a young airman at the San Marcos Air Force Base in Texas. (Official Photo, USAF.)

Families at Home Can Help the Morale of Their Servicemen Relatives

“I WAS HOMESICK.”

A tall, handsome teen-age airman, sentenced to three months' imprisonment for being absent twenty-nine days without leave, told me his problems. As rehabilitation chaplain at San Marcos Air Force Base in Texas, I interview newcomers to the guardhouse and also counsel them at periodic times.

“A letter from home upset me,” he continued. “Mom said she was worried sick about me. She seemed to need me there.”

I interrupted, “Did you ask your commanding officer for a leave?”

His reply, not altogether surprising, was: “No, I didn't bother with that. I just left for home.”

This young prisoner is typical of the persons who thoughtlessly take unauthorized furloughs. The youth has accrued time available, and probably could have obtained a leave by seeing the commanding officer of his squadron.

He sheepishly admitted that his hasty action was not beneficial to the best interests of the air force, his family, or himself. The court-martial and his resulting imprisonment and loss of rank had embarrassed his parents and deprived the squadron of a worker for the length of his sentence.

“When emergencies arise, the service does everything possible to send home those who can be spared,” I advised him for future reference. “Sometimes requests for leave must be turned down for legitimate reasons.”

“I won't make the same mistake again of going AWOL,” he said, his lesson apparently learned. Then he echoed my silent thoughts. “Besides, what would happen if we all took off whenever we pleased?” Seemingly, he had taken a long step forward in realizing his responsibilities to his country as well as to himself.

BY THEIR PESSIMISTIC letters from home, parents sometimes help create anxieties in the minds of their sons. At the very least, sons may worry needlessly about trifling matters. At the very worst, they may get into serious trouble.

Indirect effects of letters from home may be far-reaching in extent. Some teen-agers, unduly con-

**By Chaplain (1st Lieut.)
JAMES W. CARTY, Jr.**

cerned about imaginary fears of parents, gradually feel overwhelmed and unable to solve their problems. They may become discontented with military life. Thoughts may arise about the need for a discharge and about the possible ways to obtain one.

Brooding follows, until there comes freedom from tensions. Release of pent-up emotions may come simply by talking with a chaplain, by playing basketball at the gymnasium, or by having a soft drink with a friend at the snack bar.

If an airman's worry is prolonged, his work can become affected. One instructor confided in me that he could not present lessons effectively, because of continual nagging about minor matters in the letters from home. Perhaps, his students imperfectly understood a needed assignment, he reasoned, because of his inner tensions and mental conflicts.

Suppose that a worried mechanic is fixing a damaged airplane. Even though he attempts to put safety and the interests of his work foremost, his troubles continually crop up. He may even realize that in his present emotionally charged mood, he is unable to function efficiently. He then calls on his immediate superior to place another man on the job. Man-hours are lost.

Parents of one youth nagged him continually, as they often had done in days past at home. Said their letters, "We aren't there to take care of you, so watch yourself. Be sure to wear warm clothes. Don't take chances on getting a cold, Son."

Consider the Lilies

Consider the lilies. They calmly grow,
Rejoicing that they are created so.
They use the strength of the kindly clod,
And never question the love of God.

Consider the lilies. They envy none,
Nor covet aught by another won,
Knowing that there is enough to spare,
And each will receive his rightful share.

Consider the lilies. They all remain
Content alike with the sun and rain,
Assured that each one a blessing brings,
And a richer life for all growing things.

Consider the lilies. They bloom apace,
Adorning earth with their lovely grace.
They grow, and blossom, and give their best,
And trust the Father to do the rest.

CLARENCE E. FLYNN

Such well-meant remarks actually gave the boy an inferiority complex. He felt unable to take care of himself, and finally decided that he needed a mother to look after him. After a hasty courtship, he married a young woman with whom he had few interests in common. Headstrong, they were unwilling to try to develop mutual desires. They began drifting apart, and divorce soon resulted. Now, at nineteen, the lad is cynical toward marriage in general.

A hypochondriacal mother wrote her son continually about her minor aches and ailments. When a serious ailment developed, the son had become so hardened and insensitive toward his mother that he could not realize her plight.

On another occasion, a father wrote his son that he had severe stomach pains and feared cancer. Upon receipt of the letter, the excited youth dashed into my office. I told him that the Red Cross would have to verify the illness and its extent, and then suggested that he make a long-distance telephone call to his father.

When the youth phoned his dad's office, a hale and hearty voice greeted him pleasantly. The father, glad of the chance to hear his son's voice, nevertheless was surprised at the concern shown about his health.

"Oh, those aches I wrote you about, Son. Now, I remember. They left me while I was walking the dog later that evening. Sorry to bother you. Now, about that fishing trip of John and Bill. . . ."

The parent had not realized how serious and foreboding the words would look on paper. As a consequence of this experience, however, he now saw that momentary, passing worries are best left unmentioned in letters. Rather, letters, if they are to contain information about one's health, should describe it in general terms. A son does like to know that his parents and grandparents are enjoying good health and are getting around as much as usual.

WORD FROM HOME should furnish emotional support for the boy who lacks the presence of loved ones. When a boy gets to the barracks after a hard day's work, he may be tired. Perhaps he is momentarily a little lonely. A cheery letter from Mom and Dad, or Bother and Sister, will do much to lift his spirits.

Letters should be optimistic and newsy. Of interest are Dad's job and his activities with his service clubs, such as Kiwanis, Mother's work with churches and other groups about town, and the school affairs of Brother and Sister. Daily routine happenings of the loved ones, friends and acquaintances back home are precious to a son who is in service. Knowledge of such things refreshes his memories of happy family undertakings in the past. Moreover, recounting of such events gives the serviceman faith that things are going on about as usual in the home community. Life, he can see, is not being disrupted. The youth achieves hope that he will return to the good life he knew previously.

(Continued on page 42.)

the HOME as a TEACHER of CHRISTIAN ATTITUDES

Here are specific examples

which show how parents and

children can teach these

attitudes to one another

GEORGE LAWRENCE and his family had just sat down for their evening meal when Peg, aged twelve, opened up with, "Only two children in my whole room at school believe as we do about Negroes. We were arguing about whether the city council did the right thing when it closed the swimming pool rather than allow Negroes to use it. Some of the kids were furious because those Negro soldiers insisted on swimming and caused the court ruling which closed the pool. Miss Bennet said we needed more time to think and more information. She suggested that our next debate in speech class be 'Resolved, That Negroes in our community already have their full civil rights.' I was appointed chairman of the negative, and John was the only one who would volunteer to be on my side.

"Mother, didn't you say that most of the Negro section can't get police protection or fire protection now? Will you help me dig up the facts? John and I are making our outline tomorrow. The debate is a week from today."

Mr. Lawrence suggested an interview with the mayor to find out exactly what the position of the city council was with regard to the pool. "You might also interview two or three prominent Negro people," he said. "Dr. Baker, the Negro school doctor, would be willing to say what he thinks about civil rights. He might have some health angles, too."

This conversation was like starting a chain reaction. Thinking, planning, discussion, decision, action, evaluation, prayer, coming to new decisions—all these involved all four members of the Lawrence family, as well as several family friends, including two Negro families. Events moved somewhat like this: Peg and her mother studied the results of a survey of a Negro area seeking incorporation into the city. By the third day, Peg reported at home that seven



What fun! What fun! And, besides, a seed is sprouting—the seed of togetherness. It may be the shoot that will be felt round the world.

were now working on the negative, the two original members having persuaded the others to join them. The interview with the Mayor was discouraging, though it added weight to their side of the debate. The school doctor, in his interview, had pointed out the shortcomings of his own people. He criticized them because they did not always keep up their property, because, in one instance, they had permitted a tavern of questionable reputation to operate in their neighborhood. The doctor helped the young people to look honestly at the situation, realizing that it was not a clear-cut picture in favor of his people.

The Lawrence family, in their conversations, began to consider to what extent segregated living was a cause for poor performance on the part of the Negro. They observed and appreciated the great achievements of many of their Negro friends. They studied the Civil Rights Bill, and listed points of discrimination in the community and also points of equality.

One day the mother of one of the "new recruits to the negative" telephoned Mrs. Lawrence. "I want to talk with you," she said. "I feel I must catch up with my Joan. I've taken Negro segregation for granted all my life. But Joan doesn't. Times have changed. I think the young people are right. I was not aware that we needed to do something about it here. Last night my husband and I were at a dinner. The subject of the opening of the new store came up. I put in a word for an unsegregated dining room. It brought lively discussion. I really need to know more about the situation here in our city. Maybe our two families could get together for an evening soon and talk it over."

The Lawrences directed their family worship toward God's plan for all people: the value of each person as a child of God; ways of living as members of the family of God; gratitude for all the love and fairness in every family and city, and throughout the world; repentance for their share in the common unfairness to other people; a plea for wisdom and courage and strength to think and act as Christians.

Any list of the Christian attitudes formed in the Lawrence home might start like this:

1. Appreciation for the truth, which should take into consideration all the facts, both favorable and unfavorable, and causes as well as results.

2. Respect for the worth of persons regardless of their stand on controversial issues or their manner of living.

The Answer

He was not very rich or great or grand,
A simple man he was, but true and tried;
Who, any hour, would give a helping hand,
And stand along a suffering neighbor's side.

He was not wise within his own conceit,
A humble farmer in a country town,
Who'd never trod a crowded city street;
Nor boasted he of friends of high renown.

His wealth was purity of mind and thought;
His word was, as his bond, inviolate;
His every act, with Christian kindness fraught;
His voice was low, his deeds, articulate.

Whence came this power of body, soul and mind?
I do not think the answer hard to find.
His daily habit was, from early youth,
Before he slept; before the way he trod,
To read aloud the Holy Book of Truth,
And, with his family kneel and talk with God.

3. Recognition of each person's social responsibility.

4. Acceptance, as members of the majority group, of shared responsibility with the minority groups.

But the Lawrence home, as it met the problems of race relations, is only one example of how families develop Christian attitudes.

THE CORY FAMILY had an entirely different experience, which brought out quite different results. One night Steve, who was in the fourth grade, was turning restlessly on his bed. His mother came into the room and sat beside him. Before she could ask what the trouble was, Steve said, "Something terrible happened at school today. You know Jack in our room? He lives at the Children's Home, not with his parents. Well, Jack was not at school today. He ran away last night on another boy's bicycle, and the police caught him and brought him back. Now he will have to come to school tomorrow and all the children will know about it." Steve sobbed. "Why would he steal a bike? He has an old one of his own. Why would he want to run away?"

Mother talked quietly with Steve. She pointed out the unhappiness of a child who comes from a broken home. She tried to help Steve see some of the factors in the situation, and together they planned ways in which Steve could be better friends with Jack at school and invite him often to their home to play. They compared Jack's home life with their own, and with what home life ought to be. They discussed the Children's Home and the new building fund campaign for cottage dwellings, which would enable the children to live in families of eight or ten with house parents, more like a family. Steve decided to give part of his savings and part of his allowance to the fund. Mother decided she should help with the drive by offering her services to the campaign committee.

The Cory family's relationship with the Children's Home became an ongoing one. Steve and his father took Jack with them to the movies now and then, and to ball games. As a result, in the Cory home, Christian attitudes were formed toward persons who steal; toward less privileged persons; toward personal responsibility in allowing conditions which make more and more children's homes necessary. There were many more.

It is important to note that in the experiences of both the Cory and Lawrence families Christian attitudes were part and parcel of the activity as well as the result of the activity. Growth in Christian attitudes took place in the parents as well as in the children; both took turns as teacher and learner.

BUT WHAT is meant by "attitude"? And by "Christian attitudes"?

Attitude is more than simply "the way one feels about something." *Attitude is readiness to act; the disposition of the whole self toward or away from an idea, an activity, a person.*

A Christian attitude implies "readiness to act" by Christian means toward Christian ends. These means and ends stem from the Christian faith, which involves:

1. Active faith in God, as dependable, loving, forgiving.
2. Active faith in the universe as dependable and friendly rather than hostile to man.
3. Respect for all persons, oneself and all others as children of God.
4. Faith in, and commitment to, the Kingdom of God as accomplished and taught by Jesus Christ.
5. Awareness of man's dependence upon the mercy and grace of God, the power of the Holy Spirit in our lives, to live toward the implications of this faith.

Whatever else we have learned about methods of teaching in the last quarter century, there seems to be much evidence that *learning about religion and human relationships takes place best through fellowship*—through being a part of a human fellowship in which Christian attitudes toward God and toward other persons is seen in deeds as well as in words.

Attitudes are formed in a number of ways:

1. *By accidental association*, especially if it is repeated or experienced similarly two or three times. To illustrate, a school friendship is formed between an American child and a Japanese-American, which is followed by a happy association between their families. It is the only contact the American family has with Japanese-Americans. The attitude of appreciation and warm love for the one family is generalized upon and, as a result, comic portrayals of the less admirable characteristics of the Japanese people are brushed off easily. Of course, the opposite situation may arise. For example, if the only experience a person has with Jewish persons is limited to one Jewish merchant in the neighborhood who has a reputation for unfair dealing with children and adults alike, then an attitude of dislike for this one person may be generalized to apply to the whole group.

2. *By deliberate conditioning*. Experiences may be arranged in the home which will be likely to produce desired results, such as understanding, friendship, and personally accepted responsibility.

3. *By imitation*. To illustrate, a child living day after day in a household which respects persons of all races and classes, will imitate the adults and develop similar attitudes. This method enjoys considerable prestige in current thinking but it does have certain drawbacks. What parents among us want our children to imitate us? Do we not, rather, want our children and ourselves to attain a quality of living far beyond what we have known? In imitation, there is a lack of discrimination between what is good and what is bad. The real place for imitation is suggested by Thomas à Kempis in his "The Imitations of Christ," and applies to mature adult and child alike.

4. *By propaganda*—by the deliberate association of ideas regarding people, ways of life, etc. For ex-

I sought peace 'neath the olive trees
That He had loved so well,
When friends had laid Him in the tomb
And the angry mob had gone
And darkness ruled the earth.

No peace I found
Without my Christ;
All ground was restless ground.

I sought peace where that awful cross
Still stood on Calvary,
While He lay silent in the tomb
And the temple guard stood watch.
Deep darkness filled my soul.

No peace I found
With my Lord dead;
The cross was but a cross.

I sought peace when the rising sun
First limned the heavy stone
That had been rolled 'way from the door
And two angels, waiting there,
Showed me the empty tomb.

No peace I found;
They could not ease
My grief. My Lord was gone!

I sought peace in the garden then,
But the passing feet
Of someone on the path near by
Led my weary soul to ask,
"Where have ye laid my Lord?"

And peace I found;
For 'twas my Christ
Who answered, "Mary! Friend!"

EDW. E. BILL

ample, the repeated picturing of the Russian people as fierce and ruthless, the Japanese as treacherous, and Negroes as lazy. Conversation in the family which disparages menial workers, makes fun of people who are different in any way, or criticizes people unjustly because they have another point of view—all these are propaganda. Propaganda may also be for good ends, as, for instance, extolling the virtues of minorities without due regard for the facts; constantly referring to the good points of one's own religious faith, local church, or practices within the family, to the extent that critical discrimination is difficult.

There is real danger in reliance upon propaganda or indoctrination, either for good or for evil ends. It violates personality in that one person imposes his thoughts and feelings upon another. It limits the free functioning of a person as a self in his own right with a contribution to make.

(Continued on page 44.)

family life

in

Jamaica

JAMAICA TODAY has nearly a million and a half people, composed of three races, all of them transplanted from elsewhere. The original natives of the island were Arawak Indians, now totally extinct. The black descendants of African slaves form 73% of the present population. Twenty-one per cent is "colored." There are also some tens of thousands of East Indians, and a sizable group of Chinese who emigrated from British Hong Kong. European whites (Scottish, English, and German) account for about 2%—more correctly, probably 22%, since their blood is mingled with the black to make up the "colored" section. This mixing and mingling, over a period of two or three centuries, has tended to obliterate the color line, until Jamaica's discrimination (whenever there is any) is class discrimination, not color prejudice.

Jamaican family life, where it exists, is English, with all of the traditions brought over by the English sugar barons and early missionaries, mixed in with the traditions of Africa and the Orient. Behind this cosmopolitan complexion, family life on the island has complexities all its own, which are only now beginning to be resolved. The churches have long struggled with the problem of the insecurity of homes. They found that preaching alone was not enough. Poverty and illiteracy, in each succeeding generation, destroyed all that the church could do in its attempt to bring about a moral uplift.

Since 1938, a new attack has been launched. Jamaica Welfare, a semigovernmental social agency, working hand-in-hand with the churches, has improved Jamaica's home life immeasurably through such emphases as cottage industries, better fields, better food, better cooking, cleaner homes, healthier children, more regular attendance at school, improved churches, community recreation, village planning committees, co-operative buying and selling—in short, just good Christian citizenship. And, since most Jamaicans are basically religious, this church-backed emphasis is having its effect on the building of better homes and better families in them.

ONE OF THE CHIEF drawbacks to better family life in Jamaica is the almost respectable practice of concubinage. Seventy per cent of Jamaicans have been born out of wedlock. Most Jamaican couples live together under agreements, ranging from a year or two to life. Although concubinage is the prevailing custom, especially in the hills, the Jamaican



Used clothing is needed for people of all ages in Jamaica. Boxes such as this are distributed by the churches. Here, Robert Nelson, a Disciple missionary, and Rev. and Mrs. T. Lawrence, pastors of the Craigmill Christian church in the hills, are opening a box of used clothing from a church in the United States.

*A mixture of people all mixed
up—that is Jamaica. To
spread the Word of God
among a people well versed in
the letter of the scripture, mis-
sionaries first teach the ele-
ments of homemaking.
To improve morals, they sup-
ply cheap wedding rings
at cost*



Poverty is everywhere in Jamaica. But the people are cleanly in their personal habits, even though many are dressed in rags. This woman is Sophia Love, who lives up in the hills and belongs to the Craig-mill church.

himself did not intend it to be that way. Most of them look upon this "sweetheart" arrangement as a kind of trial marriage, but procrastination sets in and the "trial" sometimes lasts a lifetime. It is a self-evident fact that most of the rural, hill churches have very few middle-aged members. The young people of pre-marital age and the older married couples are there, but since the church does not countenance common-law marriage, the middle-aged take a vacation from membership to live in concubinage. One deacon of a hill church, a widower, asked his pastor for a six-month leave of absence while he tried out a new woman. The pastor did not grant the leave, but he took it anyway.

Concubinage was not unknown to the Africans before they came to this hemisphere, and conditions in Jamaica have not helped to remove it from their customs. Jamaican girls have little or no opportunity for good employment. Concubinage becomes an economic necessity, especially since it is an accepted custom, and almost no man will marry a woman until he has lived with her. Usually these girls mate with an older man, and the older women are pushed out to fare for themselves. It is these older women that one sees trekking to market with huge baskets of produce on their heads.

Another contributing factor to concubinage has its roots back in history, when white overseers, who had left their families in the old

land, mated with African women, thus giving the stamp of "white approval" to the custom. In recent years, due to better conditions, white men have brought their families with them, but the custom persists. More recently many Chinese grocers (Hong Kong Chinese handle eighty per cent of Jamaica's grocery business) have emigrated to the island, leaving their wives in China. They, too, have repeated the custom, leaving traces of Oriental blood in almost every community where there was a "China shop." But their promiscuity has almost stopped since Chinese women have also emigrated in large numbers to become the wives of their countrymen.

The actual family life of Jamaicans, whether under legal or common-law circumstances, is probably on as high a plane as elsewhere, where similar conditions of poverty and illiteracy are found. Because concubinage is accepted as being practically equal to marriage, families proceed to live and improve themselves, outside the bonds of marriage as well as inside. Their children sit together in day school and Sunday school; they share equal honors in high school (if they are lucky enough to get

to one), and some of them even go abroad to universities. Many of the native preachers have come from marriageless homes and now stand for high Christian standards. But it is quite plain to see that these ministers have to fight far harder to maintain their high standards than those who were born and raised in Christian homes.

THE CHURCHES of Jamaica are redoubling their efforts to improve the family life of the Jamaicans. Recently, an island-wide evangelistic crusade had better family life as one of its main emphases. Since the lack of marriage was one of the chief obstacles to church membership, the churches went out to crusade for Christian homes. The result was that more people, on a per capita basis, were married last year than in any similar period since the earthquake year of 1907.

One community was found to have sixty-eight unmarried couples in it—just a small community at that. The common excuse was, "We can't afford the ring and

(Continued on page 44.)

By ARCHIE A. ALLAN

EXILE FROM HOME

THE COMPOSER of America's most beloved song of home and hearthside never had a permanent home himself, died in exile and was buried thousands of miles from his homeland.

Such is the anomalous story of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," who died just one hundred years ago, on April 9, 1852. Born in New York City, the roaming playwright and composer was living in Paris at the time he wrote his now famous song.

Despite the fact that Payne was the author of more than fifty full-length plays, numerous articles, essays, criticisms, and poems, he is best known for the thoughts of home he so beautifully expressed in his opera, *Clari; or The Maid of Milan*. In the opera, Clari, who is away from home, thinks of the blessings she has left behind. Giving voice to her innermost feelings, she sings the beloved melody, "Home, Sweet Home."

The man who wrote, "There's no place like home," led a life that was filled with both the bitter and the sweet. In his youth he was praised by the literary world as a genius; when he died in Tunis, Africa, as American consul there, his native country refused to bring his body back to the land he had honored in his immortal lines.

John Howard Payne's paternal ancestors were of English blood, and some of his forefathers were among those pioneers who came to Estham, Massachusetts, in 1622. Dolly Payne, who married President Madison, was his grandfather's niece.

John's father, William, was a schoolteacher, who first served as

tutor to the children of one of Boston's oldest families. During a visit to New London, Connecticut, William met Sarah Isaacs, daughter of a Jewish convert from Hamburg, Germany. They were married and moved to East Hampton, Long Island. There, when Governor DeWitt Clinton erected an academy, he placed William Payne at the head of it. Later the family, which now consisted of five children, moved to New York.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE was born in New York City on June 9, 1791, in a small house near the junction of Pearl and Broad Streets. Most of the poet's early years were spent in New York City and in East Hampton. It was in these early years that he drank in his first inspirations from nature and from beautiful surroundings, and it was then that the word *home* came to mean so much to him.

When he was later sent to Boston to continue his education, he began his roving. From then on, he was never long in any one place, never

the possessor of the comforts of a real home. While at Boston ill health soon interfered with his studies. Incapacitated for two long years, he had to give up the deeper studies and, instead, concentrate on elocution and rhetoric, his father's favorite subjects.

Progressing from a student of elocution to an assistant instructor in the subject, John Howard began to take part in school exhibitions and other private theatricals. Then he turned to writing for the newspapers. While still in his teens, he started and edited the *Thespian Mirror*, a weekly, and at the same time worked as a clerk in his brother's countinghouse in New York. Through the kindness of some friends, one of whom was Coleman, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, Payne was enabled to attend Union College, Schenectady, New York. Here he began publishing *The Pastime*, a small paper which gave him sufficient income to cover his yearly college expenses. He was also elected officer of one of the literary societies and acted in many of the school's theatrical performances.

The death of his mother and consequent ruin of his father's business forced him to end his college career. In an effort to retrieve the family's economic status, the young writer-student entered the theater as an actor on February 24, 1809, at the old Park Theater in Lower Manhattan.

In those days the theater was the fashion, with the wealthy and learned and even many of the poorer class crowding the seats and boxes in well-managed houses, and in those days audiences would tolerate the production of only the



*Pleasant memories of home
for a man who spent years of
success and hardship away
from home gave that man the
inspiration to write America's
best loved song of home*

The man?

John Howard Payne

The song?

"Home, Sweet Home"

best in the literature written for the stage.

Despite his youth, for he was still in his teens, he was an immediate success in the principal eastern cities. Then he decided to go abroad for a single year, to England and Ireland. But the twelve-month stay, originally planned, lengthened into years and it was two decades before he was to return to his homeland. Alternating success and crushing failure combined to keep the writer abroad, for he had vowed not to return to his homeland, despite his yearnings for it, until he was completely and soundly solvent.

BELIEVING his future lay in writing, while still in Europe Payne forsook acting and began to study and translate French plays and operas. His work was far more than literal translation, however, for he adapted and rewrote huge portions of the dramas for the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theaters of England. He also wrote an original play and then tried to produce it. This venture resulted in so great a financial loss that, with his fortunes at their lowest ebb, he was lodged in a debtor's jail. But he continued to write and was soon able to satisfy his creditors and obtain his release from prison. Then, once again, the gray hand of misfortune blot-



From a daguerreotype by Brady.¹

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Payne died one hundred years ago, in April, 1852. The first American edition of his famous song of home was published in Philadelphia in 1823 with this heading: "'Home! Sweet Home!' sung by Miss M. Tree, in 'Clari, or the Maid of Milan,' in the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Composed and partly founded on a Sicilian Air by Henry R. Bishop."² Thus Payne's name was unmentioned even in his native land.

ted out Payne's sunny sky. Penniless, he put together a batch of manuscripts and offered the entire lot to Charles Kemble, the manager of the Covent Garden Theater, for 250 pounds.

In this collection was the opera *Clari; or the Maid of Milan* and, as already stated, the haunting refrain of "Home, Sweet Home." In offering the manuscripts to Kemble, Payne suggested that he himself would make all the changes in the opera that might be necessary for production in England, and get Sir Henry Bishop, the composer, to arrange the music for it. Kemble accepted the proposal and sent Payne fifty pounds on account, which saved the writer from financial disaster again.

The opera was produced at Covent Garden on May 8, 1823, and was an instant success. "Home, Sweet Home" soon became popular everywhere, a hundred thousand copies being published and sold in one year. Quoted in sermons and sung in church services, it was the favorite of both exile and homebody.

The music for the song was suggested to the poet when he heard an Italian peasant girl singing a Sicilian melody as she passed along

¹From the frontispiece of *John Howard Payne*, by Gabriel Harrison. J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, 1885. Courtesy of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.

²Reproduced in Harry Dichter and Elliott Shapiro, *Early American Sheet Music*, Plate IX. An original copy is in the possession of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts.

bearing a basket of fruit and vegetables. He stopped the girl, wrote down the notes of her song as best he could, and sent them to Sir Henry Bishop. Thus Payne was responsible for the words and the melody. But, ironically enough, when the first editions of the song appeared, Payne's name did not appear upon its pages!

The success of the opera and the song brought fame to the struggling writer. In 1832, nine years after it was first produced, Payne returned to America. Here he resumed writing, producing the groundwork for a harmony of the four gospels, called "The Life of Our Savior." However, when he discovered that a similar work had been published the year before, he set it aside and it was never published.

PAYNE, AS CHAMPION of the afflicted and discouraged, lived for a while among the Creek Indians of Georgia, acting as their agent in their negotiations with the Federal government when it wished to seize their lands and move the tribe farther west. Often unpopular with his fellow Americans because of his uncompromising stand for the rights of the Indians, Payne was instrumental in securing justice for his newly made friends.

Because of his diplomatic skill, he was appointed consul at Tunis on August 23, 1842. While serving there, he became ill in March, 1852. Nevertheless, he insisted on showing the historical and geographical highlights of the city to three American tourists. When he returned to the consulate, he took to bed and never recovered from this illness. He died on April 9, 1852, in his sixty-second year.

For two years Payne's body lay in an unmarked grave. When William Penn Chandler arrived as consul and found the spot "shamefully neglected and liable very soon to become unknown," the new American representative saw that a suitable monument was erected. On the monument appeared these words:

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angels
said,
"Welcome to Heaven's 'Home, Sweet
Home.'"

When the members of his family asked the government to return his body to his homeland, the request was granted but only "if there will be no expense incurred by the government." As a result of this provision, the body of the writer lay in Tunis for more than three decades.

Statistical Report of a Five-Year-Old's BIRTHDAY PARTY

By FRANCES BROWN

Twenty were invited.

Five arrived early.

Seven asked when ice cream would be served.

Four brought bright rubber balls they held possessingly during the party.

Two who bestowed ball bats as presents clamored to take them home.

One disappeared, showed up at home, came back.

Five spilled cocoa.

Four had to have shoelaces tied.

Three got into squabbles.

Two lost favors, had to be pacified.

Seven called, "Had a good time!"

A straggler sang loudly, "Party's over and all we had was cakes and water."

Public sentiment was aroused by Gabriel Harrison, biographer of Payne, who, as a youth, had met the writer. Honors were paid to his memory when a large bronze statue of Payne was erected by the Faust Club in Brooklyn's Prospect Park. On September 27, 1873, more than twenty-one years after the death of the author, as the statue was unveiled, a thousand school children sang "Home, Sweet Home" before a crowd of twenty-five thousand. Eight years later, as a result of the efforts of W. W. Corcoran, aged philanthropist of Washington, D. C., Payne's body was removed to America. It was reinterred at Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, on June 6, 1883, amid impressive ceremonies. A choir of one hundred voices, accompanied by the full United States Marine Band, sang the majestic "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's *The Messiah*. President Chester A. Arthur and his entire cabinet were present. Away from America most of his adult life, and buried in foreign soil for thirty years, John Howard Payne was home at last.

All in the Family

BY HAROLD HELFER

At Springfield, Massachusetts, Mrs. Pauline Stebbens, her baby daughter and mother-in-law all celebrate their birthdays on the same day—April Fool's Day.

A. B. Johnson, 83, Scandia, Kansas, has lived with members of a family born in three different centuries. His grandparents were born in the 1700's, his parents in the 1800's and his children in the 1900's.

A man on the Chatham Islands, off New Zealand, has become his own grandfather. He married his deceased grandfather's second

wife. A baby is to be born, and he doesn't know what the child should call its mother, who will also be its great-grandmother.

At Caledonia, Minnesota, Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Hefte celebrated their wedding anniversary and also their daughter's golden wedding anniversary.

A Maysville, Kentucky, couple with ten children remarried after deciding "Folks with a family are better off to stay together." The David Smiths were married for the first time 30 years ago.

In any misfortune, survey the assets you have left; then concentrate on future plans, always remembering that . . .

By ESTELLE FINNEGAN

Prayer and Faith

Will

Conquer

SEVERAL YEARS ago I stood and watched an elderly couple raking the ashes of their home. Fire, the day before, had consumed it utterly, and they were engaged in the heartbreaking search for whatever the flames had spared. They were shocked, stunned, lost, and in their bewilderment were raking, perhaps, because they did not know what else to do, and not because they had any real hope of salvaging anything. When we human beings are brought face to face with sudden catastrophe, our mind has a way of turning to trivial action in its effort to make adjustments to the situation. It was indeed a touching sight, these two old folks standing there by the side of the road. The flagstone walk led from the roadway to nothing. Two chimneys, suggestively like gravestones, protruded nakedly into empty space. There is something terrible and final about destruction by fire.

"Everything is gone!" said he.
"No, not *everything*," answered the woman.

"Well, what do we have left?"

Quickly the woman answered, "We have everything we had yesterday except a house and its equipment. We still have each other, our children, our friends, our health and our energy. And above all, we have faith, courage and love. No fire can destroy these qualities unless we permit it to do so."

"But where are we to live?" asked the man.

"I do not know at this moment," answered his wife, "but I do know that we will live *somewhere*, for God always answered our prayers. Let us put our trust in the Lord, John, and I am sure we will soon have a home."

As the couple turned completely around and faced me, I told them I was indeed sorry for their plight and that I would be delighted to have them accompany me home, where they would be welcome and could remain until all adjustments had been made in their present crisis.

Quickly the old man said, "We do appreciate your kind offer but we hate to impose on anyone."

I had already caught the spirit of hope and courage from the old lady and I answered, "You will not be imposing at all. Just now you are feeling keenly the loss of your home and you need friendship and companionship. If you had lost love, faith or courage, I'd say you were in a bad predicament.

But as your wife said, you have everything you had yesterday except a house and its equipment. You have lost nothing but *things*, and things can be replaced. What you did once, you can do again, if you set your mind to it. You can take a sort of gloomy pleasure in the sympathy your friends extend to you, or you can use this so-called calamity as a starting point for something finer."

At breakfast the next morning the man's attitude had completely changed. He had talked things over with his wife and had concluded she was right, that, after all, they were luckier than most people in that they had more of the genuine assets, the real necessities of life, than go to the common run of humanity.

Their children arrived from an adjoining state the following day, and soon they were discussing plans for a new house. They discovered the old one had not been too convenient. The woman always had wished for changes but these desires she had kept to herself. Now she found that out of a crisis had come the opportunity to get the kind of home her heart longed for. So, in their plans for the future, they forgot the grief of the

(Continued on page 42.)





worship

in the

with

PARENTS' lives are filled with concern and plans for their children. Such practical necessities as food, clothing, shelter and education require much of their attention, but Christian parents have an added concern—concern for the spiritual growth of their children. They want their children to develop fine Christian character and to experience the peace of Christian faith and the fullness of Christian life.

Most parents know or learn the right kind of food to prepare, the right kind of clothing to buy, the proper housing to provide, and they can usually give very good supervision to their children's education. Worship often presents a more difficult problem. Sometimes it is because they feel uncertain in their own minds about their own beliefs. Sometimes they hesitate to talk about such an intimate experience as worship, even with their own children. And sometimes they realize the difference in age and comprehension between themselves and their children and feel awe and almost fear at trying to bridge that span with understanding. Of course, there may be other reasons why some parents find it difficult to share in their children's worship experiences.

By Juanita Purvis

But not all parents find it difficult to worship with their children. For them, and for their children as well, the experience is a source of great satisfaction. The difference between these two groups of parents is primarily in the understanding they have of how children worship.

When does a child worship?

Does he worship when he is given a songbook, is seated in a straight chair, and listens to a passage of scripture, a prayer, a song, and perhaps a short discussion of a selected subject? Sometimes, perhaps, but rarely is this worship.

A child's worship grows out of his experience. Of course an experience may not be one of worship unless someone else, an adult, is able to lift that experience to the level of worship. For example, your child may have helped you plant some seed and may come running to you, thrilled with his discovery of the first blossom. That moment of joy would certainly be an aesthetic and worth-while one. If you can, at that moment, by a simple, reverent "Thank you, God, for flowers," relate that experience of joy to God, the Creator, you and your child will have shared an experience of worship.

In order to lead your child to worship, remember these guiding principles:

1. First of all, have spiritual strength yourself. This does not mean that for you, all questions have been answered. No! A Christian is ever growing and ever gaining new insights. It does mean that basically you know what you believe, you are

well acquainted with the Bible, you have a vital prayer life, and you strive to put Christ's teachings into every phase of your daily life. More than your teaching, your living will influence your child. He will know by what you do, not by what you say, if you really think it important to pray, to read your Bible and to practice Christ's teachings.

2. Understand your child. Spend some of your time with him in play and relaxation. Share with him moments of quiet as well as moments of activity. Realize that you have a unique and precious opportunity to help mold the thought and character of your child. It is a God-given task, and in this task you are a co-worker with God.

3. Find out, if you do not know, how children learn. The methods you use in training your child spiritually should be as up to date and effective as the methods his teachers use in the secular part of his training. It is important that you always take time to answer his questions, to his satisfaction.

4. Know where your child is religiously. Then you will know how to help him take his next step. Each child develops at his own rate of speed and should not

To help you to share your children's worship experiences and promote their spiritual growth, a specialist in worship with children makes some suggestions.

Family

Young Children

be rushed. If he is given more than he is able to understand and assimilate, his spiritual growth may even be hindered instead of accelerated.

5. Have plenty of resources at your fingertips to help you. This will mean reading children's books, children's poems, children's stories, the church school materials, the parents' materials (which the church should provide), and other literature recommended for parents. It may mean memorizing some poems, songs and verses of scripture you might not otherwise take the time or have the interest to learn.

6. Learn how to use your resources. Just as a man may have the walls of his home lined with books and still be illiterate if he cannot read, so a parent may have all the resources desirable for guiding children's worship and still fail if he does not know how to use those resources.

PERHAPS, at this point, an explanation would be helpful, to show how to use the resources for worship with young children which are featured in the two center pages of this magazine each month.

For example, the theme for the month of April is "He Is Risen."

This Easter theme was selected because it was realized that children of all ages would be conscious of the coming of Easter. In some way, it is within the experience of most of the children of our land. Children are not mature enough to understand fully the meaning that the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ has for mature Christians. They can see and understand, however, the coming of new life to the grass, trees, and flowers. Parents can help lead them to see that this is part of God's plan for the universe; that, as he cares for growing plants and trees, so he cares for his children.

If your child is three years old or younger, you will want to use

very simple prayers with him, such as the one given on the worship page for April, "Thank you, God, for flowers in the spring." If your child sees the flowers in the church, you might read or say to him the verse, "See the pretty flowers. . . ." Perhaps you can think of another simple one or reword this one to fit your situation. For example, you might change the word "church" to "home" or "yard." Find times to listen with your child to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." A good time for this would be just as he starts to take his afternoon nap.

If your child is four or five years old, there are many oppor-

tunities for leading him to worship. Let him share the experience of growing things. Even if you do not have a yard or a garden where plants can grow, you and your child can plant narcissus bulbs inside the house and then watch them grow. His wonder and joy at the miracle of life is a beginning, a foundation, for his concept of God. By planting and caring for the bulbs, he can experience the feeling of working with God to make the brown bulb become a beautiful flower. With an experience like this, the poem "Deep in the Earth" will have a great deal of meaning for your child. The simple Bible verses, "He hath made everything beautiful in its time," and the one beginning "Lo, the winter is past," will both become favorite passages of scripture when they are spoken softly and reverently by a parent whenever a beauty of nature is enjoyed. Open your Bible and read one of the verses. Then suggest to your child that he might like to hold the Bible and "read" that verse too. Tell him that you will help him.

Children of this age enjoy looking at pictures and having stories read to them. If your child attends a church school where Kindergarten Graded Lessons are used, the stories on leaflets No. 79, 80, and 82 will be enjoyed at home as well as at the church school.

If your children are six years old and over, they may like to contribute to the family devotions at the table. One of the poems

(Continued on page 40.)

Every Year at Easter Time

Nancy Byrd Turner, 1943
Jubilantly

ST. KEVIN

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. Ev - ery year at East - er time, In the soft spring weath - er
2. On a hill - side far a - way As the light was break - ing,

All the bells of glad - ness chime, As we sing to - geth - er,
Je - sus, - is - en from the dead While the world was wak - ing,

Sing a song that ech - oes down Hill and field and riv - er:
Walked a - mong the flow - ers there In that new spring weath - er.

"An - gels rolled the stone a - way! East - er is for - ev - er!"
Ev - er - more at East - er time Now we sing to - geth - er.

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Music copyright by Novello & Co., Ltd. Used by permission.

He Is Risen

I say to all men, far and near,
That He is risen today;
That He is with us now and here,
And evermore shall stay.

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His Kingdom without end.

—GEORG F. P. VON HARDENBERG

At Easter Time

Deep in the earth it was tucked away,
Crown little bulb that we hid from sight,
Then how it grew from day to day!
Now see the Easter lily, tall and white.¹

—J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

¹From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. Used by permission of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education.



What Easter means in a child's life depends largely on the experiences he has at home and in the church school. Young children cannot understand the significance which the day has for mature Christians. Within their experience and understanding, however, many evidences of truths which, when learned, become the foundation for the later realization and acceptance of Jesus Christ, the risen Lord.

Children are filled with wonder at the countless evidences of new life in the spring. A child can be led to relate to God, and to his love and care, the miracle of new life. That Easter is a happy time when we think especially of new life, of God's love and care, and of Jesus is within the understanding.

First Week—"LO, THE WINTER IS PAST"

Bible Verses to Use

Lo, the winter is past;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come.

—Song of Solomon 2:11, 12. (K)

Poems and Songs to Use

"On Easter Day." (N)
"At Easter Time." (K)

Music to Enjoy

"Spring Song"—Mendelssohn (N, K, P, J)
"Melody in F"—Rubinstein (N, K, P, J)

Prayer

We give thanks unto thee, O God;
We give thanks.—Psalm 75:1. (K)

Second Week—EASTER

Bible Verses to Use

The Lord has risen.—Luke 24:34. (P)
Repeat Bible verses used in First Week.

Bible Stories to Use

"A Glad Morning" (based on Mark 16:1-7)—PPB, 1st Yr., p. 7. (P)

Poems and Songs to Use

"Every Year At Easter Time." (P)
"Blue Sky, Soft and Clear"—PPB, 1st Yr., Spring Quarter (P)
"Easter Bells." (K)
"O Joyous Easter Morning." (J)

Things to Do

Read the rebus "Easter Joy"—PPB, 1st Yr., Spring Quarter, p. 9. (P)

¹Abbreviations used: N—Nursery (3-year-olds); P—Primary (6-8 years); K—Kindergarten (4-5 years); J—Junior (9-12 years); CW—Christian Worship; MBL—My Bible Lesson; PPB—Primary Pupil's Book.

Young Children

for April

"He Is Risen"

children. These things are basic to a child's religious growth.

An effort has been made to select for these pages materials which parents can use in moments of worship with their children, either individually or in the family group.

The age for which each selection is most appropriate is indicated. Some parents desire a suggested pattern for the use of worship materials. Possible suggestions are given under each weekly theme. These groupings are made as only one of many possibilities. You will want to rearrange, select, and use them in your own way.

Thank you, God, for Easter,
all your love and care,
beauty of the springtime
around us everywhere. Amen.

Third Week—HE IS RISEN

Verses to Use

Because I live, you will live also.—John 14:19. (J)

The Lord has risen.—Luke 24:34. (P. J)

Stories to Use

"Jesus' Friends Are Made Glad" (based on Mark 16:1-7)—

Primary Pupil's Leaflet, No. 28, Year 3.

Songs and Songs to Use

"He Is Risen." (J)

Thank you, God, for Jesus, who taught us of your love and showed us your plan for new life. Help us to show love for you and for others. Amen.

Fourth Week—"HE HATH MADE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL"

Verses to Use

He hath made everything beautiful in its time.—Ecclesiastes 1:11. (K)

Stories to Use

"Tiny Seed" (based on Mark 4:26-32)—MBL, No. 80. (K)

Stories to Use

"Day in Spring"—MBL, No. 82. (K)

Songs to Do

"For You to Do"—PPB, 1st Yr., Spring Qr., p. 12. (P)

Songs and Songs to Use

"Spring Prayer"

Thank you, God, for flowers in the spring.

Thank you, God, for every lovely thing. Amen.¹ (N)

from *Home Guidance in Religion*, Leaflet No. 28. The Bethany

Easter Bells

The Easter bells

Are ringing

From the tower

Up above;

The message they

Are bringing,

"God is Love!

God is Love!"

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

On Easter Day

See the pretty flowers,

In our church today?

They are bright spring flowers;

This is Easter Day!

—JUANITA PURVIS

O Joyous Easter Morning

O joyous Easter morning

That saw the Lord arise!

O bright and happy morning!

The clouds have left the skies.

O gladsome Easter morning!

Christ is the Victor King!

Then let us all with gladness

Our thankful praises sing.

—Welsh Hymn

A Spring Prayer

Thank you, God, for simple things,

For each new day that beauty brings:

The weeping willow's charming grace,

The sugar maple's scarlet lace;

The tender green of new plowed earth,

The yellow crocus' startling birth;

The evening sky when flushed with flame,

A robin singing in snow-flecked rain.

Thy grace, O God, this beauty brings;

Thank you for such lovely things.

—JESSIE B. CARLSON

Cuddle Bear

Makes a Mistake



ILLUSTRATED BY CARMON W. LIVSEY

IT WAS ONLY a short time after first Crow-Call. The sun was just peeking through the trees in Piney Forest.

But Cuddle Bear was awake.

For Cuddle Bear had busy plans for the day.

"I am going to build a grapevine swing on the hill," he whispered.

Cuddle Bear had thought of it the night before. And as he lay now on his pine-bough bed in the corner of the old mine, he had another idea.

"Maybe I'll make one for Cinnamon Bear, too. Then we can swing under the trees together."

The very thought of it made Cuddle Bear jump out of bed.

"I am going to make a swing," he told Big Brown Bear Mama and Big Brown Bear Papa at breakfast.

"Fine!" said Big Brown Bear Papa from behind *Bear Facts*, the forest newspaper. "Make it good and strong."

Cuddle Bear could scarcely eat all of his porridge. In fact, he stood up to take the last two bites.

Then out of the door he ran and up the hill. Not far above the old mine there was a thimbleberry thicket. It was covered over with a large grapevine. Cuddle Bear had noticed it the day before. It had given him the idea about making a swing.

"Here is a good strong one," said Cuddle Bear as he began to pull a large vine off the bushes. He pulled and he pulled until he thought he had enough. Then he dragged it across the slope to a pine tree. The pine tree held out straight arms above the hill-side.

Goodness, what a busy little bear Cuddle was for a time! Up the tree he climbed. Along the branch he crawled.

"Make it strong." Cuddle Bear remembered Big Brown Bear Papa's words as he fastened the knots twice over.

At last it was done.

Back along the branch he crawled. Down the trunk he slid.

But, oh, when Cuddle Bear reached the ground!

"Ee-e-e!" He let out a disappointed squeal.

There hung the swing all right. But—it was so high no little bear could climb into it. Cuddle Bear had not figured on how much vine it would take to go around the limb and tie two knots.

Cuddle Bear gave one look. What a bad mistake he had made! Oh, how ashamed he was!

That one look was quite enough for Cuddle Bear. He turned and ran down the hill. He did not want anyone to see him near that swing. They would know then that he had made it. They would see his mistake.

Nor did Cuddle Bear go back to the old mine.

No siree! He was not going to have Big Brown Bear Mama and Big Brown Bear Papa know what a poor swing he had made. Besides, if he went home Cinnamon Bear might come over. Cuddle Bear was too ashamed to see Cinnamon Bear.

"I'll go down to the river," Cuddle Bear decided. But as soon as he reached the river bank he thought about Brownie Beaver.

Oh, goodness me, he did not want to see Brownie Beaver! Why, Brownie Beaver built dams that held water, and his houses were as snug and tight as an acorn shell. Brownie Beaver did not make mistakes.

So back up the hill went poor Cuddle Bear. He walked and he walked and he walked. In fact, he walked in a circle. And before he knew it he was right in front of Grandpa Grizzly's cave.

(Continued on page 47.)

By ANNE M. HALLADAY

*Do you know how you got your
name? Well, here's a story of
how a little rabbit got his name—
and a lot of excitement, too*



ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY BIBER FARLEY

Little Bunny Putt-Putt

THIS is the story of Little Bunny Putt-Putt and how he came to have such a funny name.

One day, when he was still nameless, he went out to eat clover with his brothers and sisters. He nibbled from patch to patch until he completely lost sight of the others. But he didn't mind being alone, and he knew the way home. He was nibbling happily when he heard a Robin Redbreast call to him from a near-by fence post.

"Chirp-chirp!" said Robin Redbreast. "Don't you see that you're eating a four-leaf clover?"

The little bunny counted the leaves on the clover he had started to eat: "One, two, three, four." Then he counted the leaves on another stem, and another: "one, two, three; one, two, three." Sure enough, all the others had only three leaves.

"But it's good. Why shouldn't I eat it?" he asked Robin Redbreast.

"Because a four-leaf clover is to wish on. When you find a four-leaf, always make a wish and it will come true," Robin Redbreast said importantly.

The little bunny was very excited. He began to think hard. What should he wish for? He had everything a little bunny could desire. He had a Mommy and Daddy who loved him. He had brothers and sisters to play with. He had all the clover he could eat. He had a lovely home in the tall grass that grew by the side of the road.

Then he thought of something. He had often thought what fun it would be to run as fast as the cars that went whizzing past his home. He had asked his Daddy why cars could run so much faster than rabbits, and Daddy had said it was because cars had engines in them. Now his heart began to beat very fast at the daring idea that had come to him.

Suddenly words burst from his quivering little throat: "I wish I had an engine in me!"

No sooner had he said the words than he heard a noise starting up in his tummy. It went "Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt-Putt," and the little bunny rabbit started to run, faster than he had ever run before—yes, as fast as the cars he had watched hurry down the road. Up hill and down hill, through the fields and across the meadows he raced, bounding over fences and leaping across brooks. All the time his little engine went "Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt-Putt."

He laughed and squealed as the wind rushed by, tickling his whiskers and taking his breath. Surely this was the most fun any bunny rabbit had ever had.

But just then he happened to think that he must be getting a long, long way from home. "I'd better be going back," he decided. So he tried to turn around. But then he discovered there was something he hadn't thought of: He was going much too fast to turn. When he tried, he was greatly surprised to find himself turning a flip-flop in mid-air. He landed "plunk" on his back, and there he lay, his legs kicking in the air as fast as they had been running on the ground. All the time, his engine went, "Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt-Putt."

"Oh, Oh! What shall I do?" he cried.

He twisted this way and that, but it was no use. He could not get back on his feet. Whatever could he do? He looked about for help, but all he could see was the blue sky above him. So he gathered all his strength and gave one big heave. Almost before he knew what was happening, he was running again. He had landed on his feet and now—how wonderful! he was headed toward home.

(Continued on page 34.)

By MARION MARSH BROWN

Handled with a CLUB

By LEWELLYN COWAN

OUR FAMILY has a propensity for talking. We like and enjoy each other, collectively and individually, and through conversation we give vent to those feelings. But what was once the source of great pleasure in our home began to be a problem as our two sons grew from babyhood to little-boyhood, and demanded a place on the conversational agenda. We have taken little stock in the adage, "Children should be seen and not heard," feeling rather that full partnership in family talk would give them a sense of belonging. However, by the time our sons were seven and ten, how to have smooth, courteous conversation became a real concern, especially at the dinner table where often the family came together for the first time during the day.

Each person, eager to tell of his own adventures, forgot that others of the family might have interesting things to tell, also, and uncontrolled interruptions at times neared anarchy. Conversational chaos seemed imminent. Obviously, something had to be done.

About this time the children were becoming club-minded through classroom clubs and as a result of the natural gregariousness of youngsters. So we formed a "Family Club." Dad was elected chairman for the first week, and each member of the family was to take turns thereafter for one week at a time.

Rule One was that all mealtime discussion be cleared through "Mr. Chairman." It sounds a little stiff, but actually it was a lot of fun and had an amazing effect on the variety and quality of our conversation. Telling of the day's funniest or most interesting experience, current news, topics which had been discussed at school—the dozens of things that make up family talk—we covered them all. Now we could actually hear and understand what was said! Table manners improved; vocabularies increased; individual activities became interesting and appreciated as we intelligibly—and intelligently—shared them.

Our club grew into a midweekly "At Home Night." We discussed family affairs, such as allowances, major purchases and general behavior problems, and planned outings, "company" nights, projects to share. In short, we talked about whatever the family needed to talk about. A high point on each At-Home Night was the opening of the Suggestion Box. This

box was made by the children, to receive any suggestions anyone wanted to make during the week, to be brought before the family council. While the council has not been an infallible method for solving all problems, it has given everyone a chance to be heard fairly on all issues.

After the discussion of family affairs, we have an hour of fun, planned by the chairman. It might consist of games, cards, Ping-pong, reading together, telling stories, or singing around the piano. Or, guided by some individual's imagination, the fun may take an altogether surprising turn. Refreshments are always included in the At-Home Night programs.

On trips we have sometimes followed variations of our club idea, and long miles whiz by, over roads that are too familiar to be exciting or interesting.

Of course, not every tempest in the teapot has been settled by our club, for we are a normal family, with normal human contrariness and differences. But with modifications, it has worked four years. Many crises have been averted, ranging from the choice of a movie to the matter of keeping up with the Joneses. There is something about reaching decisions by majority vote to which both children and adults respond, and both groups accept such decisions with maximum cooperation and minimum rebellion. Only in the impasse of a dead tie does parental authority become supreme.

Our club has been a worth-while adventure in *family citizenship!*

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

Dear Traction Company

A Story by

**HELEN M.
CAMPBELL**

DEAR TRACTION
COMPANY:

I got your letter of the twenty-first in which a Mr. Jonas B. Crabtree complained regarding lack of service on the streetcar I run for you. He stated that he takes my car nearly every afternoon at 12:40 to return to his place of business on Olive and Jackson Streets before one o'clock. Mr. C. said that I habitually proceed only a few blocks beyond the place where he boards the car and, at Blake Street, I stop for a little girl. If the little girl happens to be a bit late, I wait till she gets to the car. This irritates Mr. Crabtree as occasionally he is as much as four minutes late to work. He insists this practice of mine must be stopped. He says, as a steady paying customer on our traction lines, that he demands better service and so he wrote you, giving full details as to my number, car number, route number, time of day, and the loca-



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GROUT

tion where my "dereliction from duty" occurs.

Now I can understand Mr. Crabtree being annoyed at not reaching his little one-man place of business on the stroke of one o'clock. Why, sometimes he might even find a customer waiting there! He exaggerated just a mite as to how late he arrives at his corner. I have checked since and find that the latest we get there, even when I wait for the little girl, is at 1:02. So Mr. C. raised the ante by 100 per cent, but I guess that's just human nature.

As regards waiting for Mabel—that's the little girl's name, Mabel Trenton. She's quite a young little girl, not more than six and a half, but she'll have a birthday pretty quick now, she says, and expects that the age of seven will find her quite grown up. In fact, she feels seven years should allow a person to stap up a bit later at night. She thinks her bedtime should be advanced to at least eight o'clock. (If you would care to submit an opinion on this vital matter, I'll be happy to relay it to Mabel.)

Mabel is really a very prompt little girl. She is usually right on the corner, waiting for me, just as punctual as can be. Whenever she is a little late, Mabel has a good sound reason. Once her kitten, Velvet, followed Mabel to the corner where he announced his presence by twining his soft furry body around her ankles. Mabel had to return him to the house "becuz he's such a *young* kitten, he doesn't understand very well and he might get run over by an auto." A little girl's pet kitten is pretty important to a little girl, and Velvet is an especially affectionate cat. So I told Mabel she had done the right thing. (We were a full two minutes late that day.)

Another time Mabel forgot a gift she had for me and returned home to get it. This gift was a piece of crumbly pink-and-white birthday cake Mabel got the previous day at a party she had attended. She'd

saved it for me to eat as dessert with my lunch. I could hardly bring myself to scold her for our minute of lateness on that particular day.

I see Mr. Crabtree's main reason for a hot collar is because I give "a mere child extra and totally unnecessary favors." He states that I not only hold the car for Mabel but that when she reaches the corner, I get out and cross the street to where she stands and escort her like a full-grown lady to the car. All I can say is, this is quite true. It's exactly what I do. I guess Mr. C., balefully watching Mabel chattering to me a mile a minute as I return to the car with her, observes only a small sunny-haired child with wide brown eyes and a flashing smile, dancing eagerly along beside me. She stands up in front near me, well over to one side where she can hold firmly to a bar and be out of the way of other passengers. She even

refers to this space as "my corner."

Mr. Crabtree gets off at Olive and Jackson and, I will state, he usually gets there in plenty of time. Of course, the line ahead of me passes this corner at 12:55, so Mr. C. *could* board a car five minutes earlier and arrive five minutes sooner. Nevertheless, Mr. C. stumps off at his destination and Mabel and I go on a few blocks farther. There I again stop the car, and, taking Mabel by the hand, once more help her off and across the busy intersection to the sidewalk. Then she has only a few steps to go by herself and so, without further trouble, Mabel can easily reach the entry of her school, the State School for Blind Children.

Yours very truly,
H. B. WELLMAN
Operator of Car No. 271
Newton, California



1 QUIZ

By **WALTER KING**

What do you know about a modern home? Is it enough to enable you to convince everyone that you are at least a C.M.G. (Cave Man Graduate)? Let's see! Check off all the true statements you can find in the following list and then compare your answers with those given below.

1. The *heart* of the home is the parlor.
2. A *jamb* is a side post of a doorway or window.
3. A *mechanic's lien* is a beam a carpenter has erected a bit out of line.
4. *Face brick* is a builder's term for talcum powder used by women.
5. A *stud* is a vertical structural member of a wall or partition.

ARE YOU A

MODERN

HOME MAN?

6. *Colored aggregate* is one type of stucco finish.
7. *Stiles, rails and mullions* are parts of the roof.
8. Eight feet is the minimum wall space required for a twin bed setup.
9. A house may have all of these: a *bay window*, a *wing*, a *footing*, a *socket*, a *hip*, an *arch*.
10. The hearthstone is the keystone in an arch above a stone or brick fireplace.
11. A *convenience outlet* is a sink.
12. A *title search* is an inquiry into the amount of property to which the owner is entitled.
13. A *balustrade* is a baluster.
14. Large shade trees around a house may be disadvantageous.
15. A *personal property floater* will protect the contents of your home from loss by fire, flood, or theft.

Answers

1. False. It's the fireplace.
 2. True.
 3. False. It's a mortgage lien on the house for unpaid wages due.
 4. Don't be silly. It is brick specially treated for surface texture and color.
 5. True.
 6. True.
 7. False. They are parts of a door.
 8. True. Space for a night table is required between the beds.
 9. True, though you, too, may see some of these if you look into a mirror.
 10. False. The hearthstone is the floor of the fireplace.
 11. False. It's a wall receptacle to supply electric current.
 12. False. This is an examination of records to determine whether previous owners have acquired or sold the property in a legal or proper manner.
 13. False. A balustrade is a stair handrail supported by balusters.
 14. True. They may cut off too much sunlight and the roots may cause trouble.
 15. True. It insures everything from a wedding ring which has mysteriously disappeared, to a complete blackout through fire.
- And now for your rating. We hate to do this to you, but to stamp out guesswork, your score is going to be the number of incorrect answers subtracted from the number you had right. After that, a score of 13 or over is exceptional. Few can do it. From 9 to 12 and you are still an asset in any home. A score of 6 to 8 is only superior cave-man level. Below 6 is substrata!

Parents, being human, do make mistakes. Here, a father who unwittingly harmed his child, tries to keep others from making similar mistakes

Where There's a Will There Must Be INTELLIGENCE

HAVING STAMMERED for nearly forty years, I managed surprisingly well to ignore the fact that our Johnny, at the age of five, was unmistakably undergoing speech blocks. His brother Pete, nearly six years older, had not inherited my impediment. Why, then, did it appear in Johnny so suddenly?

No doubt a psychologist could have put his intellectual finger immediately upon the cause of my self-induced blindness—or perhaps it should be called deafness—to Johnny's speech defect. As I look back now, I realize that I would not see the truth because a stubborn hope was in the way. I had stammered for as long as I could remember. Surely, I told myself on those rare occasions when I came even close to facing the issue, this affliction would not hit me twice. Surely I would not have to suffer not only for myself but vicariously, too, for one of my children.

To make a long story short, hope was no preventive. Johnny soon developed into a stammerer, whether I cared to admit what was going on or not. That was four years ago. He still stammers, and so do I.

I cannot tell you all the things the speech experts have told us in the meantime. In the first place, I cannot remember them all. And

in the second, even if I could call them to mind, I would not do so here. The trouble with the two of us might not be the same as in other families having speech problems, and I should hate to misdirect any hopeful reader with inappropriate advice.

For the trouble with us, it seems, is the father. Me!

I have an inherent timidity. (Incidentally, it seems to grow worse with the years.) As compensation, I suppose, I have developed a somewhat truculent scowl, and a manner that is rather too imperious at times. Being false, these are usually dissipated by the first sign of determined resistance, even the calm and polite kind. I am easily unnerved. I stammer.

Now Pete, who came before Johnny, and Susan, who followed him by about four years, are not much abashed by these fierce tokens of mine. They do not flout them: they are simply not much impressed unless they know they have provided just cause for them. Being children, they are excitable and sometimes repeat opening words of their myriad recitals. But they do not stammer as Johnny and I do, nor have they ever done so. They have inherited their mother's self-possession.

By **WILLIAM J. MURDOCH**

BUT JOHNNY is different from Pete and Susan. He has inherited many good things from his mother, but not her self-assurance. He has, instead, inherited my timidity. So he stammers because he is too easily intimidated and unnerved—especially by my demeanor.

Thus there was generated between Johnny and me the tension that inevitably made a stammerer of him. As a very little boy, he could not be at ease before my frown and my brusqueness. He took them not as peculiarities of his father's, but as signs of error in himself (he could hardly be expected to do otherwise), and his panic erupted through his weak spot—his speech. What he saw, of course, was my concern and bitterness at what was happening to him, for I was giving evidence of recognizing it without admitting it to myself. This only made him stammer more. And so we went on, with Johnny's lips puckering and trembling more and more, and my face and manner showing my frustration in ever greater degree. Finally their mother stepped in and put the situation into the hands of experts.

I have related all this, not because I think there are many readers who have a stammering case at home, but simply to show that a parent's concern over his child actually can create the very condition which the parent is so anxious to prevent.

I was not unlike the parent who is so determined to keep his child's mind and ears clear of sex references that he drives him to undesirable sources of information. Or the father who refuses to teach his son how to drive, thinking he will thereby prevent the boy from killing or crippling someone on the highway. That father, without ever realizing his shortsightedness, will prompt the youth to learn from his teen-age companions, who will teach him the most reckless practices and the most daring stunts. I was resolved that Johnny would not stammer, but by letting this determination show, I set up blocks in his speech.

ONCE I REALIZED this, with the help of my wife and the speech correctionists, I had my work cut out for me. I had to take myself figuratively by the scruff of the neck and compel myself to keep my face serene and my manner quiet but not too obviously pa-

tient, while Johnny talked, or tried to. Even as he stumbled over every word, with his eyes sending out their message of helplessness straight into mine, I had to remind myself that my bitterness and my foolish hopes of ignoring this impediment into nonexistence were useless. My will did not and would not keep him from stammering. What he needed instead was understanding and real patience.

This has been a hard lesson for me to learn. I am still trying to master it, for Johnny continues to stammer quite badly. It is a valuable lesson, though, not only in regard to my son's speech, but as a kind of guide to most relations of parents with their children.

This lesson has taught me that beyond certain limits, principally those defining physical activities, such as eating, sleeping, playing, and dressing, parents cannot indiscriminately impose their will upon their children. At least they should not, if they want them to grow into normally adjusted, happy men and women. To do so is to become a bully. I can reasonably state, without indulging in self-pity, that I bullied Johnny into stammering, although unintentionally. I can see, too, that had I mixed my will with equal parts

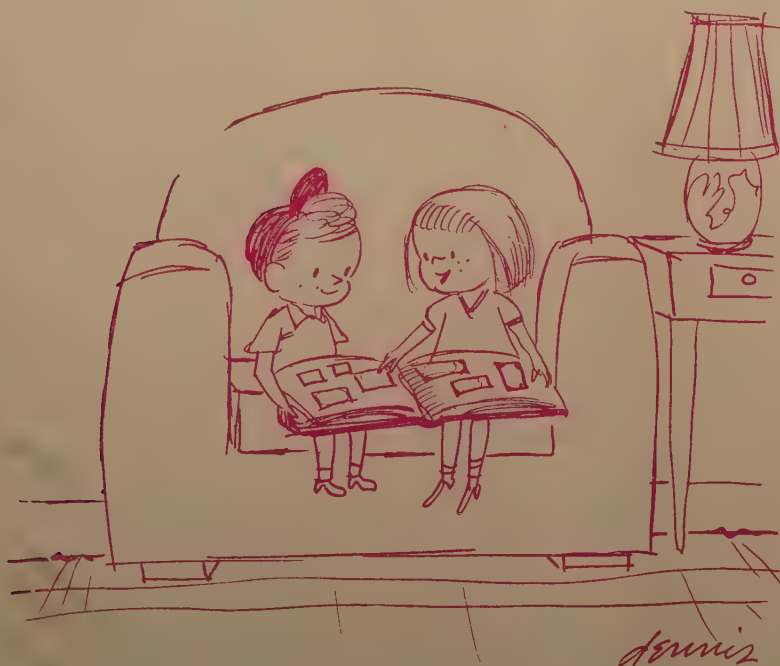
of intelligence in the early stages of his trouble, I would have had the remedy for him.

Undoubtedly, I am not the only father who has bullied his child into maladjustment. But that is little consolation, especially to Johnny, and I should like to think that I will never do it again. The fact that earnest concern and love have been the impetus may be a sound reason, but it is not a valid excuse for harming the personality of a child simply because he is physically or mentally incapable of conforming to your will.

It seems clear that for every part of will a parent uses upon a child, he should also use at least one part intelligence. Applied individually, they can be useless, or worse. Together, they are an ideal combination for reaching the inner self of the child.

These principles would seem to be almost elementary. Yet, to cite commonplace instances where they are ignored, consider the mother who insists that her child take piano lessons; the father who is determined that his boy shall be a major league baseball player; the parents who resolutely set about preparing their child for law or medicine or the ministry or any other career. These things parents do without first intelligently and honestly inquiring into the child's capacities and abilities to learn.

The parent should realize that the child is not simply a pawn of an older will but a sensitive human being whose individual traits must be recognized and analyzed before willful decisions are made regarding them. I have reached this realization rather late with Johnny, but not too late. I still have time to use my will as a help, and not a hindrance, in his speech problems. Now that I know how easily he is influenced by my manner, I shall try to relax with him so that he will detect no impatience or complaint or disapproval or other tension within me. My determination is undiminished: Johnny shall talk right. And if I can only use the intelligence to help him over the hurdles which my ill-displayed will has set up in his way, Johnny will talk right.



"Here's one that may give you a laugh—it was taken back in 1948, when I was just a kid."

Family Counselor

Many people think psychologists are atheists. This young fellow in my "Sales and Advertising" class at the university revealed such an attitude, which is still rather common in America. And his ideas aren't wholly without foundation. But the real psychologists with a rich scientific training are not atheists!

Question (from Michael F., aged 29, who was an advertising salesman in one of my psychology classes): "Dr. Crane, after I graduated from Holy Cross and came to Chicago to work, I thought I'd like to take a little postgraduate work in psychology," he confessed after class.

"But I was afraid to enroll in your course because I thought psychologists were atheists and hostile to religion.

"The impression I had gathered in the East was that a man couldn't be a psychologist and be a Christian.

"You may not have realized it at the time, Dr. Crane, but I was listening to your lectures with a very critical ear.

"It wasn't until your address on 'The Stairway of Moral Progress,' pointing out how the church has sponsored peace and morality, colleges and hospitals, equality of women and protection of children, that I decided I had the wrong slant on psychology.

"Now I'm taking your next course in Applied Psychology and am bringing three other Catholic fellows from our agency. But why do people feel that psychologists are atheistic?"

Answer: In the past few decades there have been a number of pert young psychologists who liked to shock people by attacking established institutions. This gave them notoriety.

We call such persons iconoclasts, or "breaking of images." They try to disillusion us, and even tear the halo from Jesus, as well as downgrade Washington or Lincoln, St. Paul and other great figures revered by the majority.

Psychology, however, didn't have a corner on such smart-aleck Ph.D's. You could find them in other departments of the university.

Armed with a small amount of technical knowledge about the learning of guinea pigs and white rats or "The Love Life of the Gold-Fish," these tyros set forth to revolutionize thought and set the world to rights.

Emotional Immaturity

Where Edison and Steinmetz, Einstein and Compton would never think of being so unscientific as to deny basic Christian concepts, these young men have damned religion and marriage, constitutional government and many other basic tenets on which modern civilization depends.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" is a good statement of the scientific attitude. Put the church to an impartial test and you'll find it is responsible for most of our hospitals and our colleges, as well as the other "Golden Rule" organizations, such as the Salvation



Dr. George W. Crane

Army, the Red Cross, plus the YMCA, YWCA, and CYO.

The Sunday schools are also the only organized schools for teaching our children ethics and morality in most of our towns and villages.

Public schools teach mathematics and science, but the Sunday schools teach the Christian "use" of those educational materials.

Truths Shall Set You Free

Obviously, some hypocrites may be found in modern churches, but the "Sermon on the Mount" is not altered nor contaminated by this unfortunate fact.

Moreover, it isn't the fault of the ship when rats get into the hold. Nor should a ship be sunk simply because it has some vermin on it. Instead, get rid of the rats and salvage the ship!

If you see occasional hypocrites in the church, why don't you offset them by your better example? Teach a Sunday school class, as I have done for over 30 years, and thus invest your time in helping children become more Christian.

Throw off your Sunday morning lethargy and go to church, both as a tribute to your Christian parents ahead of you, as well as to set a strong positive example before our modern youth.

If you wish to improve as a Sunday school teacher, send for my bulletin "How to Pep Up Sunday School," enclosing a 3c stamped envelope plus a dime.

Ego hunger is a powerful driving force. Absalom, King David's son, thus erected a lofty monument to himself just so he wouldn't be forgotten after death. Josephine and her sister are fighting for this same satisfaction of their ego.

Question (concerning Josephine B., aged 7, and her little sister, aged 4): "Dr. Crane, what makes them perform like that?" Their mother shook her head in embarrassment and desperation.

Mrs. Crane and I had been invited to Josephine's home for dinner that evening. The two youngsters immediately began to turn handsprings and climb on the davenport.

They tried to stand on their heads and jump upon the chairs. They were in a beautiful home, and had intelligent parents, so what made them act like barbarians?

Answer: People who haven't gone through this youthful grandstanding with children of their own, may grow very irritated at such antics and accuse the parents of not bringing up their youngsters properly.

And the guests may often think that nowadays mothers are sparing the rod and spoiling the child. This doesn't necessarily follow, however, for children immediately take advantage of their parents when guests arrive.

Youthful Prima Donnas

Because we have had five children of our own, who acted just like Josephine and her sister in a similar type of situation, Mrs. Crane and I were not disturbed. In fact, we felt quite at home.

Children are very quick to take advantage of their "public." Give them an audience, and they instantly parade their full repertoire of attention-attracting behavior.

In fact, you can watch them in a moment of lull just trying to originate or invent something new. They vie with each other to win laughter or exclamations from the audience.

This prima donna behavior continues in a greater or lesser degree all throughout life.

Church Prima Donnas

Every clergyman has dozens of these adult prima donnas among the men and women in his parish. They are just like the little boy who says, "I'll take my football and go home if I can't be captain."

They want to sit at the speakers' table. Or they grow irritated if somebody else gets into their accustomed pew ahead of them.

They must constantly have their fur rubbed the right way, or they'll go home and stop contributing to the church.

In almost every college sorority and fraternity, among lodge members and businessmen's clubs, and especially in political parties, we also have these prima donnas.

I wish we could brand them or pin labels on them so young clergymen could get their number in advance and thus save themselves a great deal of internal friction and bickering.

Story of the Tramp

There is the familiar story of the tramp who was given a ride in a

Little Bunny Putt-Putt

(From page 27.)

He gave a big sigh of relief and began thinking what fun it would be to surprise his Mommy and Daddy and his brothers and sisters with his little engine going "Putt-Putt-Putt."

But then a terrible thought came to him. He had to cross the road to reach home, and his Mommy and Daddy had always told him to stop and look both ways very carefully, before crossing a road. He must always make sure there were no cars coming before he started across. Now he couldn't stop to look, and if a car was coming, it would surely be the end of him and his little engine.

"Oh! Oh!" he puffed. "I almost wish I didn't have an engine after all."

Then he thought of something else that made him most unhappy. He wouldn't be able to stop if he did get home!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried. "I do wish I didn't have an engine. I really do!"

Just then he heard another sound besides the "Putt-Putt-Putt" of his engine. It was Robin Redbreast flying close to his ear, trying to tell him something.

"What did you say?" shouted the bunny rabbit, trying to hear over the noisy "Putt-Putt-Putt" of his engine.

"Twist your tail," called Robin Redbreast, flying as fast as he could to

junk dealer's truck. When the driver stopped at a filling station, the attendant asked what he had in the truck.

"A pile of junk and a tramp," replied the junk dealer.

Stopping a little later for a red light, he was asked the same question by a pedestrian, and again he answered, "A pile of junk and a tramp."

They drove on. At last the tramp broke the silence.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to ask a favor of you," he began. "The next time somebody asks you what you have, won't you please mention me first?"

This egotistical desire to be first, starts with our first birth cry and even continues after death, for we may even erect large tombstones or mausoleums just to continue in the spotlight, as Absalom did in biblical days.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine, enclosing a long 3c-stamped, self-addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

keep up with the speeding bunny.

"Why?" gasped the little rabbit.

"To turn off your engine!"

"Oh, thank you!" The frightened little bunny reach around and twisted his tail. Presto! It worked. No sooner had he given his tail a tweak than he came to a sudden halt. The engine went "Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt-Putt" and died with a little "Pfff."

The little bunny rabbit laughed right out loud to think he had an engine he could turn on and off at will. Just to be sure he really could turn it on again, he reached around and gave his tail a tweak. Away he went, "Putt-Putt-Putt."

His home-coming was all he could have desired. When his Mommy and Daddy and his brothers and sisters heard something coming, "Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt, Putt-Putt-Putt," they all ran out to see what it was. Imagine their surprise when they saw their own little bunny come "Putt-Putting" right up to their very door. He reached around and gave his tail a quick twist and stopped, grinning broadly.

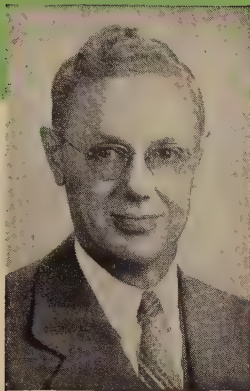
When he told them what had happened, they all agreed he was the luckiest little bunny rabbit that had ever lived.

"Now," said Daddy Rabbit, "I know what we'll call you—'Little Bunny Putt-Putt.'"

So that's how Little Bunny Putt-Putt came to have his funny name.

WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

family life



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

Through the regular church program rich and varied avenues are open for helping homes. Church leaders should be alert to discover and use every opportunity to make Christian teachings effective in the daily activities of family living.

Programs now being used in many churches have met with approval through long usage. They commend themselves to other churches, though some adaptation and adjustment may be needed. Other programs of equal value might originate in local churches with careful thought and co-operative planning.

Sunday Evening Fellowship

At Central Christian Church in Grand Rapids, Michigan, an interesting and effective program is being conducted by a group of young couples, with features for the entire family. This alert and enthusiastic group had its origin as a class of Young Adults in the Sunday church school. Instead of the Uniform Lessons for their Sunday morning sessions they use elective courses, chosen in keeping with the interests of the group. This has proved successful and appeals to new members.

As this class grew and interest increased, their leaders began to search for new activities that would provide educational features along with fellowship. Reasons for additional and more varied activities arose not only from increased numbers, but also because some twenty-six persons who normally belong to this young adult class are occupied on Sunday morning as teachers in the church school. They desired an opportunity for study and for fellowship with those of their own age. This group has an enrollment of about eighty couples. So, in addition to the Sunday morning class, a Sunday evening program was started in the spring of 1951 which provides educational features together with fellowship and recreational activities.

The Sunday evening meetings are held every other Sunday at the church, when a program is provided for all members of the family. The nursery is open when the program starts at five o'clock. The other children are cared for by persons who are chosen outside of the group of parents and who receive remuneration for their services at these evening pro-

grams. In addition, each evening that the group meets, two couples volunteer to supervise the teaching and care of the children as well as to look after other administrative details. The Intermediates and Young People are in their regular Sunday evening program during these hours when the parents are together.

The first hour of the program is spent in study and discussion of some theme of particular interest. Usually some special speaker is invited to lead the study on such subjects as: "How Little Children Learn," "The Most Effective Way of Teaching the Bible to Our Children," "Books for Our Children to Read." After the presentation of the theme, time is given for questions and discussion.

At six o'clock the evening meal is served at the church, each couple bringing a basket luncheon or sharing on a cost basis, while hot drinks are provided out of a common fund. Following the meal, about an hour is given to recreation and fellowship with the whole group together. The closing hour is never later than eight o'clock.

School of Christian Living

An interesting program for family nights at the church is the *School of Christian Living* conducted for a semester of ten Wednesday evenings at the First Christian Church, Portland, Oregon. The fall semester in 1951 began on October 10 and ended December 12, 1951. This program is of interest because of the combined educational and fellowship features it offers as well as the fact that it is now in its tenth successive year and is one of the outstanding church projects in the city of Portland. It provides for all age groups so that the family can come as a unit.

The evening program for the ten weeks is set up on the following schedule:

6:00—Evensong of quiet music and meditation.

6:30—Dinner and fellowship with community singing.

Following the dinner there is a stimulating discussion on the theme, "Trends that Challenge Christian Thought."

7:50—Study classes and workshop activities.

8:45—Dismissal.

The nursery for babies and small children is open from 6:15 to 8:50, with competent supervisors in charge. For children of Junior and Intermediate ages, craft and purposeful activities are provided under the leadership of a well-trained teacher.

During the 7:50 period the young people carry on their own program of study, discussion and workshop activities. At the same time the adults, meeting in two groups in charge of capable leaders, pursue two courses of vital concern for Christians in today's world. One is on the theme, "Pathways Through the Bible"; and the other is on the theme, "Know Your World."

The careful way this School of Christian Living is planned and the able way it is conducted has won for it a wide reputation in Portland and elsewhere. Its keen, thought-provoking program and the excellent medium it offers for searching out the truth of Christianity and for obtaining information on current problems, as well as its fellowship features, commend it to other churches.

DON'T

BURN THE HOUSE



The NOW of prevention is worth gallons of water pumped through fat fire hose. Don't forget to come back to finish the article after you've fireproofed your house from basement to attic.

EVERY MEMBER of the modern family should be trained to be fire conscious, for just let a fire get out of hand and in a few minutes your home investment and family happiness may both be seriously threatened.

The kitchen stove is the hot spot. If the flame is too high, frying pan fat may flare up in a rage. But remember, you can't extinguish burning fat with water. If fiery grease spatters over the kitchen floor, water will only tend to spread the flames. Keep a metal cover handy when you are frying with fat, and clap the lid on the pan at the first sign of trouble. If the fire gets out of control, smother it with a dose of salt or flour. Sweeping is much easier than rebuilding, these days.

If you insist on doing dry cleaning in the house with gasoline, be sure to turn out the open flame and pilot light in the stove. There is enough explosive power in a cup of gasoline to blow you and the wall into the back yard. The fumes may be easily ignited by the flame of a near-by stove. But even a flame isn't necessary to cause an explosion where gasoline abounds. Sparks generated by rubbing silk or wool can do the trick quickly enough. Every year, hundreds of amateur dry cleaners are killed or severely burned simply because they have no respect for gasoline and gasoline has no respect for them. Your safety insurance is carbon tetrachloride. It is non-inflammable and cheaper than dangerous gasoline. It is, however, very toxic.

Even clothes are a big fire hazard. They eagerly grab at any flame within reach. That is why you cannot afford to fight a fire singlehanded. If you have no means of smothering the fire at long range, never try to stamp out flames or grab at anything burning. Confine it. If something in the oven catches fire, slam the door shut and smother it. If a room seems doomed, close all doors and call the fire department.

There are right and wrong ways to phone for help, too. You'll be surprised how many persons in their excitement scream, "Our house is on fire!" and then slam down the receiver before giving any address. Firemen will always get to you a lot quicker if they know where you live. Say, "There's a fire at 604 Blank Street. Please send help!" Then wait until the operator repeats your address correctly.

There is, of course, one big exception to the general rule that you should endeavor to confine a fire, call for help, and then keep out of the way while the firemen do their work. A child or an aged person may be trapped in a burning room. Your heroic instinct is aroused and you decide to take a desperate chance. If the room on fire is already superheated and full of smoke, the only hope you can have

By WALTER KING

DOWN

it. Prefire thinking is more than half the battle. Quick, now, do you know the fire department's telephone number? Is it on the wall near the phone? Is there a hose handy to help combat a small blaze? If any one room is isolated, what is the best way out? Are you being fair with the children? Have you given them precaution talks, and instructed them in the proper procedure in the case of fire?

And while you are about the business of home protection, inquire into the status of your fire insurance. Adequate coverage is important, and it is ever so cheap. Also, for a very small additional fee, you can extend the insurance of your fire policy to cover damage by windstorm, hail, lightning, explosion, riot, impact by vehicle, smoke damage, etc.

But, wait, maybe you do not know the true value of your home and household possessions. The latter especially will be sure to surprise you. If you go to the trouble to take a complete inventory you will be staggered at the total replacement value of your furniture, household appliances and personal

possessions. For that is what counts, if you have a claim. It is the replacement value of your destroyed belongings which is the basis of settlement with the fire insurance company. Values are constantly rising, and you must constantly be revising your evaluation of your home and its contents. For this purpose, any insurance company will be glad to supply you with a printed inventory sheet on which you can make a proper record of your possessions. Why not make stock-taking a family game some evening when the weather keeps you indoors? It takes the whole family to think of all the hidden knickknacks, such as golf clubs, toys, jewelry, and the many little things which, added together, run into a pile of money.

Remember, though, no matter how generous the settlement after a fire, no cash payment can ever indemnify you for the complete loss of your family household possessions. The family Bible, the photograph albums, the precious toys, the wedding presents, and a host of sacred things that go to make a house a home will have been destroyed forever. Even a partial loss by fire scorches a good-sized ache into the hearts of its victims.

So, for your home's sake, get on the alert right now, and prevent tomorrow's fire!

of getting through will be to regulate your breathing and avoid what flames you can. Take a deep breath before entering the room and let it out in short gasps.

Crawling along the floor of a burning room is a wise precaution, because smoke rises. And if you rescue a child whose clothing is ablaze, throw him on the floor so he will not inhale the flames, and roll him over, or smother the flames with a coat or rug. If you ignite your own clothes, never run. That will only fan the flames. Get on the floor. Roll over, and be sure to dash out any smouldering ends before you get up.

The easiest way to fight a fire in the home is to prevent it. Take every precaution you can. Keep matches away from children. Never leave an iron with the switch on. Or, better still, never leave it with the cord plugged in. Avoid searching in a closet with a match. Silk, wool, and cotton fabrics are highly inflammable. Guard all open flames. Keep the basement and closets free from oily mops, greasy rags, and cloths saturated with furniture polish. Spontaneous combustion accounts for a large percentage of home fires.

THE SMART THING to do is to get your home organized against fire in an all-out effort to prevent

These soft, easy-to-care-for draperies are made of a chemical fiber which will stop the burning when the flame is taken away. The chemical acts as a permanent built-in fire extinguisher.



Foolish fun

for a Foolish day

Here's an April Fool's Day

party that will satisfy

youngsters, rejuvenate

oldsters, and lead to

happy memories of home

April Fool! Jokes! Surprises! Why, of course. For both Junior and Grandpa the occasion can be one of fun, but be sure the jokes are harmless.

As far as possible, have the **decorations** carry out the "foolish" idea. For bouquets, use heads of cabbage with beet and carrot tops. In the candlesticks place celery stalks to hide the candles. Make April Fool masks peep out of corners and through sheer draperies. Suspend black spiders with creepy legs on rubber bands in dark corners or doorways to tap the guests who accidentally run into them. If you can, secure a mirror that makes a person look either very tall and slim, or quite short and fat, and hang it in a conspicuous spot. Display funny pictures and cartoons where they can best be seen. In a setting of this kind the guests, both young and old, will quickly enter into the spirit of the party.

To carry out the "foolish" idea in the **refreshments**, serve the last course first, and then the first course last. If ice cream cones are served, turn them upside down

on plates to resemble fools' caps. Decorate round white cakes or cupcakes with funny faces, using a pastry tube and chocolate or colored frosting.

Who Knows Whose Nose? For a foolish starter, try this stunt. All the guests except one, form in a circle. The extra player is given a pair of clean white gloves to wear; then he is blindfolded and placed in the center of the circle. To the strains of gay music the players march around in the circle until the music stops. The blindfolded player finds someone in the circle and tries to guess who he is by feeling his face, especially his nose. The gloves do not make the guessing any more simple, of course. It is against the rules to feel the hair, shoulders or clothing of the person. The player who is being identified may stoop, or make himself taller by standing on tiptoe. He may wrinkle up his nose or try various ways to fool the blindfolded guesser. As soon as the player is identified, he in turn is blindfolded and goes to the center of the ring. The first guesser joins the circle, and the game proceeds as before.

Pecan Penalty.—At the start of this game, announce how long the game will last. Then give each person twenty pecans, and tell everyone to ask questions of the other players. If during the conversation any player uses any one of the words *yes, no, you, I, me or mine*, that player must surrender a pecan to the one to whom he was speaking. When the bell rings for the game to end, present

By LOIE BRANDOM

all the nuts to the one having the largest number of pecans in his possession.

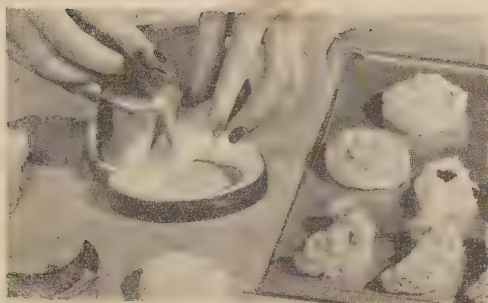
A Peek at the Purse.—Many April Fool jokes center about empty pocketbooks as pranksters seek to fool the public. Before the arrival of the guests, hide a small pocketbook somewhere about the room. When it is time for this event, explain the rules of the game. At a given signal all the players are to start looking for the purse, but with their hands held behind them. They are not allowed to touch any object during the search. When they spy the purse, they are asked not to give any sign of where they saw it. Instead, they are to sit down in the middle of the room and begin singing "Merrily We Roll Along," while they watch their less fortunate playmates search for the April Fool purse. The last player to find the purse is awarded a booby prize, such as a big red lollipop on a stick. The first player who started the singing should be given a better prize, such as a book of jokes.

A Foolish Race.—Divide all the guests into teams of equal size, and have each team choose a man and a boy to represent it. The other members of each team must "root" for the two contestants they have entered. Give each team a large rubber waterball or an inflated toy balloon. On the starting line the two contestants from each team make a wheel-

(Continued on page 46.)

Party

Sandwiches



Preparing pretty party sandwiches is an easily acquired art and one that shows off, to very good advantage, the ability of a clever hostess. When you serve guests a tray of tempting sandwiches, artistically arranged, along with some tea, coffee, fruit punch, or soda, your refreshment problem is solved, at least for many informal occasions.

To avoid a last-minute rush, prepare a variety of fillings the night before and store them in shallow, easily covered dishes rather than in tall, narrow jars. Have a sharp knife for cutting the bread, and use a spatula for spreading the fillings because it has more bend than a knife. Be sure to have on hand at least two kinds of bread, to give an interesting pattern to your sandwich plate. For further variety in the sandwiches, you will need to use unsliced loaves of bread. Here are some fancy fillings you may want to make:

Avocado-Pineapple Sandwiches

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| 1 medium avocado, mashed | 2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing |
| ¼ cup drained, crushed pineapple | 16 slices whole wheat bread |
| 2 teaspoons lemon juice | 16 tiny pieces of green pepper |

Combine the avocado, pineapple, lemon juice and mayonnaise. Make a paper leaf-shaped pattern and use it to cut leaves of bread (about two to a slice). Spread each leaf with the filling. Mark leaf veins on the top, using a toothpick. Insert a small piece of green pepper for the stem. Yield: 32 sandwiches.

Celery Seed Breadsticks

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 3 slices bread, ⅝ inch thick | 1½ tablespoons melted butter |
| | 2 teaspoons celery seeds |

Trim crusts off bread and brush both sides with butter. Cut each slice into 6 equal-size strips. Roll strips in celery seed. Place on cookie sheet and toast in a moderate oven (350 F.) for fifteen minutes. Yield: 18 breadsticks.

Fool-proof recipe for fun at home:

Ingredients—

- A half dozen amusing games;*
- 1 roomful of congenial people;*
- 1 tableful of simple, tasty refreshments*
(party sandwiches) prepared ahead of time;

Directions—

Let the guests and family help.

Yield—

Lots of fun!

Cervelat-Cucumber Flash Bars

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| ½ cup chopped cucumber | 3 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing |
| a dash of salt | |
| 2 three-ounce packages cream cheese | 2 lengthwise slices white bread, cut from unsliced loaf. |
| 1 cup ground cervelat sausage | 2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine |
| 2 tablespoons pickle relish | |

Combine cucumber, salt and cream cheese. Combine cervelat sausage, pickle relish and mayonnaise. Spread each slice of bread with butter. Spread one of the strips of bread with the sausage filling. Put the other slice on top and spread the top with cheese filling; chill. Cut crosswise into individual bars. Yield: 20 bars.

Raisin-Peanut Butter Pinwheel Sandwiches

- | | |
|--|--|
| ¾ cup peanut butter | 2 lengthwise thin slices bread cut from unsliced sandwich loaf |
| 6 tablespoons chopped seedless raisins | |
| 6 tablespoons orange juice | |

Combine peanut butter, raisins and orange juice. Spread ½ mixture on each slice of bread. Cut each slice in half crosswise. Roll each half slice of bread as for jelly roll. (See picture above.) Wrap each roll in waxed paper, twisting ends of paper. Place on a flat surface so that the roll rests on the last turn of the bread; chill. To serve, unwrap and cut each roll into 6 slices. Yield: 24 sandwiches.

(Continued on page 44.)

Worship in the Family With Young Children

(From page 23.)

given on the worship pages might be read by the child. Or, if he is just learning to read, one parent might read the poem and let the child say a simple table grace.

Children of any age can help in making a beauty or worship center each month. In April, for instance, jonquils or other spring flowers and an open Bible on a table would be quite attractive. The child might have the responsibility of keeping fresh flowers on the table. The Bible could be opened to the passage "Lo, the winter is past" (Song of Solomon 2:11, 12).

Perhaps you have your family worship in the evening. Gather around the piano and sing together favorite hymns and songs. Some-

times the words and music of a song your children know, or can easily learn, are given on the worship pages. The one for April is "Every Year at Easter Time," from *Hymns for Primary Worship*. The primary pupil's book includes several songs which the child will be singing in church school. Learn these, and sing them with your children at home. Let your child know that you, also, enjoy the pupil's book or leaflet which he brings home from church school. Read the stories with him; look at the pictures and talk about them. Encourage him to tell what the pictures mean to him and to recall some of his experiences in church school. Have a good time doing this.

Worship is different in different families. What is satisfying to

one family would possibly not be to another. Therefore, each family must be selective and choose the way which best suits the individual needs represented in the family. Materials should be selected in this same way.

A cut-and-dried or made-to-order program of worship will no more fit your family's need than the printed menus for the week, published in a Sunday's paper, will fit your family's appetite. Suggestions can be given, of course, but adaptation must be made, if the best results are to be obtained.

Recall the basic, guiding principles set forth in this article and move forward from this day to more creative and meaningful worship experiences with the children in your home.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. One fourth of a pint ---	88 91 70 85
B. Like the color of snow --	15 18 24 60 97
C. Covered with dots -----	56 51 44 41 50 34
D. Closed -----	116 115 42 108
E. Injured -----	96 54 105 109
F. One who stays away from school -----	31 13 3 79 33 22
G. The solid part of the earth -----	101 113 68 95
H. A leopard -----	112 93 25 8 23 10 30
I. A very large gun -----	80 76 53 62 40 55
J. A pleasure boat -----	77 61 107 27 114
K. Nickname for a New Englander -----	74 32 43 81 36 86
L. Not deep -----	4 73 29 20 35 12 52
M. A small, poor hut -----	78 90 69 38 46 111
N. To ennoble, or exalt -----	110 45 65 83 58
O. A dozen and one -----	5 9 6 2 1 26 28 7

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
30	31		32	33	34	35	36	37	38
39	40	41		42	43	44	45	46	47
49	50		51	52	53	54	55	56	57
59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68
69	70	71		72	73	74	75	76	77
	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	90	91	92		93	94	95	96	97
98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107
	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	

(Solution on page 47.)

P. The movement of air -----	75 48 94 63
Q. The hair on the eyelids --	11 19 98 47 57 59
R. Fainthearted or fearful --	72 16 92 67 87
S. Browned by the sun -----	17 37 49 39 89 14
T. A kind of pickle -----	103 64 21 71
U. Part of an airplane -----	84 104 82 66
V. To cure -----	99 106 100 102

Something for Lucy

(From page 8.)

and was running the carpet sweeper over the front room rug when Lucy came home.

She was so pleased that Jim wheeled about setting the table for her and peeled the potatoes.

FOR SEVERAL days the work progressed with satisfying speed. Isaac was sure everything would be well done by the Saturday before Easter. They would have time to send it to the professional pressers for a steam press, too. However, when there was only the hem to put in and the buttonholes to be made, Isaac Lehmann did not come over. Jim saw his sons' cars in front of the house and Molly came over, her face worried. "Papa's got the flu," she told him. "He says you better try to hem the skirt like he showed you, and you're to take the jacket downtown to the department store to have the buttonholes made. Papa's pretty sick."

She was so excited, Jim told himself, that she didn't realize he couldn't go anywhere. He felt betrayed and trapped as he got out the skirt. It was just his luck! He tried to remember how Isaac had shown him. He had done a little basting but nothing toward finishing the garment. He practiced all afternoon but it was not until the next morning that he felt confident to do the actual hemming. When it was done, he didn't know if it was good or bad, and then he began to worry about the buttonholes. "Papa's no better," Molly reported on Wednesday. "He feels very sorry he can't make the buttonholes, but you better not wait any longer."

Jim wanted to ask her how she expected him to go out alone in a wheel chair, and then he remembered she had seen the crutches. Were they conspiring to get him to use them? His lips were pulled tight in a bitter line as he called the department store.

"I'm sorry," the saleslady said, "we don't pick up and deliver sewing."

He tried to think of someone he could get to do the errand for him but realized he had closed the door to all former acquaintances. Once he lifted the telephone to beg Molly Lehmann to do it for him, but his resentment was greater than his desire to have the suit finished. He sulked all day and was sullen and uncommunicative with Lucy.

ON THURSDAY morning out of sheer desperation he got out the crutches. He worked himself to the edge of his chair and pulling himself up at the end of the bed he adjusted one crutch. Daring to let go of the bed he grabbed the other crutch and stood up for the first time in over six months. He had fallen then but he didn't intend to now. He waited until his first fear passed and then gradually began to shuffle his feet a little. Slowly, agonizingly he moved away from the bed and into the middle of the room. For two hours he moved

about. His armpits ached, but he was afraid to sit down lest he would not be able to rise again. He went into the living room and on into the kitchen. At noon he dropped into his chair, ate his lunch, and slept from sheer exhaustion.

After lunch he attempted it again but was incredibly tired and broke out in a cold sweat of fear. Suddenly he wished he had never heard of Isaac Lehmann or of Easter. However, when Friday came he was determined to try again. He was rested and raised himself with increasing ease each time he tried. He soon learned to swing his body in a certain way which caused the least strain on his arms and back. At eleven-thirty he called a taxicab. May-be with a little help he could make it.

The cab driver was considerate and did not look upon him as a freak as he had supposed he would. Jim told him to return to the department store for him in a few minutes.

The head of the sewing department protested.

"We are very busy, sir. That gives us only one day."

Jim insisted. He hadn't hobbled downtown on crutches to be disappointed.

At last she told him they would do it. Of course, there would be an extra charge. She assured him it would be well pressed and if he wanted to pay for delivery they would send it out by special truck. Jim paid the extra charges with elation and started toward the elevator. As he passed one end of the ladies' ready-to-wear department he saw a blonde-haired girl standing in front of a

long mirror. It was Lucy and she had on the blue suit. Her hand moved lovingly over the sleeve and the look on her face made Jim's heart turn over. Nothing could make up for not having that suit! She wouldn't buy it, he knew, and what a disappointment the other one would be! He wasn't sure it would even fit her. He thought of the wrinkled-up, unfinished garment he had left in the sewing department. Besides that, he had taken an awful chance. He had forgotten that Lucy sometimes went to lunch at eleven-thirty.

The cab driver helped him into the house and he gave himself up to disgust. Lucy would pretend to be pleased, but he was sure he had spent forty dollars in a futile attempt to do something for her.

SATURDAY MORNING passed with more self-reproach. Lucy came home at noon and Jim was a wreck waiting for the suit to be delivered. When it finally came Lucy argued with the driver.

"It's no mistake," Jim told her, "it's for you."

She tore away the wrapper and Jim was afraid to look.

"Jim," she said, obviously moved, "you bought the suit!"

Nothing she could have said would have satisfied him more. It did look amazingly like the one that he had seen her trying on.

"No," he said, "Isaac Lehmann copied it for you."

She lifted the jacket from the hanger and put it on.

Give "Hearthstone" for Mother's Day!

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The Family in Tragedy
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The American Baptist
Publication Society
1703 Chestnut, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

"It fits perfectly," she said.

Jim's relief at the genuineness of her pleasure was so great he began to see the humor of the last mad rush to finish the suit.

"Mr. Lehmann got sick and I had to finish the hem and then I took the jacket downtown to have the buttonholes made."

Lucy had started for the bedroom to try on the whole suit. She turned back in wonder.

"What did you say?"

"I said I went downtown on crutches."

Lucy came to him and put her arms about him tight.

"The suit is beautiful, darling, but do you realize how much more you have done for me?"

Remembering her words about the jonquils he said softly, "No, I guess it is for me, too, Lucy."

Suddenly he knew it was true. What he had started as something for Lucy had ended in being something even more for himself. He had unlocked the prison in which he had kept himself. He had opened the door to friendship and planted the seed of hope. He knew he would have dark days, but they would not be able to possess him as before. When his courage was great enough he would have the operations, so he might again build the bridges he loved. In the meantime there were many things he could do. He could learn to cook and keep the house clean and give Lucy some of the happiness she deserved.

LUCY PERSUADED him to go to the Lehmanns' so they might see the suit. Molly clucked like a contented hen, and Jim searched her face for a look of guilt when she saw him on the crutches, but she looked at him in wide-eyed innocence. Isaac was better but still in bed. He examined the buttonholes sadly and then discreetly turned back the hem of the skirt. He shook his head.

"No, Jim," he said, "sewing is definitely not your line of work."

Jim was too happy to be disheartened.

"A little nip-in here and a little let-out there," Isaac continued, "and it will be perfect."

"Maybe so," Jim told him, "but it will have to do for tomorrow because I'm taking my wife to church."

All at once he wanted to see white lilies against the altar and hear Easter music.

Easter in the Family

(From page 3.)

The joy of the risen Christ should be our emphasis when the Bible story is used—the joy of the angels at the tomb, the joy of the women at the tomb, the joy of the disciples when they learned Jesus lived, and our own joy that we can keep Easter in our hearts the year round by living as followers of Jesus. This emphasis on joy will help to diminish the terrorism which young children often experience when they hear the

Bible story of the arrest, trial and crucifixion of Jesus.

Instrumental music, songs and hymns suitable to the ages of our children, scripture stories, pictures, and other stories will help us with our task. The church school materials used by the church they attend will provide the resources.

As the Easter season approaches, we may want to bring into our home some forsythia or other branches of flowering shrubs. We should ask our children to help arrange them in water and then watch together for the first blooms. Or flowering bulbs may be potted, and again the children should participate.

Of special interest and educational value are the cocoons that may be ordered from a company in the East.¹ The coming of new life in both the plant and animal world is exciting and helps to tell the story of Easter to the young child.

But before we attempt to bring the true significance of the Easter festival to our children, we, as adults, must be ready to accept its real meaning. Before we seek to inspire our children, we must seek the spiritual renewal of our own hearts and minds.²

¹Educational Playthings, Inc., 20 E. 69th Street, New York 21, New York.
²In this connection, for further help and guidance during the Easter season, see the article on page 22.

Prayer and Faith Will Conquer

(From page 21.)

past. It is almost always like that for us when we meet a crisis bravely, for nearly every crisis gives us the choice of victory or defeat, of showing admirable attributes of character or weak ones, of sitting down in sorrow or driving ahead in happy faith?

This elderly couple did acquire another house in which they are now established in more comfort than they had known in their old home. By their example, they have set an entire community to talking about the things that people can do when faced with what, superficially, might look like ruin.

I have thought of them hundreds of times since the day I watched them view the ruins of their home. As they drooped there amid material losses, they illustrated perfectly the situation in which millions of people now find themselves. For fire, figuratively speaking, has visited nearly every home in this country, and in the world. Almost everyone, at some time or other, faces the necessity of making adjustments to changed conditions. Their losses will include money, probably some luxuries and some pride. Their permanent assets will include love, strength, faith, family, friends and so on through a list too long to be enumerated. Every person is perfectly capable, if need be, of starting all over again and building upon the wreckage of the past a finer life than the old one. All that is needed is prayer, and faith in God to provide for us.

Families at Home Can Help the Morale of Servicemen

(From page 12.)

Letters should be sent frequently, as often as twice or three times weekly. Everybody likes to receive mail, and a son likes to count on a letter from home every other day. Morale is helped greatly by interesting, cheerful letters.

Cookies, cake, and candy are welcome gifts which should be sent periodically. Boys around the barracks will be sharing their foodstuffs with your son. See that he can assume his role in the give-and-take of military life. Tell him to share your gifts.

A local paper should be sent to your serviceman son, so that he may keep in contact with the solid community ties—church, sports, schools, politics, business, labor, and friends.

BEFORE A TEEN-AGER departs for service, his parents should orient him. They should explain responsibilities involved in group living. A person cannot be a rugged individualist, flaunting his selfish desires without regard for his buddies. He must learn to subordinate his personal interests whenever they conflict with those of the group. Boys who have had previous summers away from home at church and scout camps are better able to adjust to group life than those who never have been absent a night from their parents. The former know there must be rules and discipline, for a systematic plan makes operations smoother for all concerned.

Parents must advise their sons that theft is a cardinal error, and officials exert considerable effort to track down thieves. A minister's son recently stole money from the government. Another boy pawned the radio of one of his friends. Of necessity, possessions are easy to steal in barracks, so honesty must be emphasized.

Advise a boy that service vocations are based on his aptitudes and the current openings. At basic training and in assignments, three habits will prove rewarding: a neat appearance, genuine courtesy, and a willingness to work.

Encourage your son to use his time wisely. One boy at San Marcos takes night courses at Southwest Texas State College. Another, who wishes to enroll in the University of Illinois when his enlistment ends, is taking correspondence courses from that school. USAFI is paying three-fourths of the cost.

Tell your serviceman where desirable women companions may be found, for men need to balance their life by seeking out friends of the opposite sex. At a church, a YWCA, a service club—these are among the places where he may find wholesome acquaintances.

Lastly, tell your boy to think through problems before acting, and never to do anything impetuously. Advise him to solve each problem as it arises, so that accumulative perplexities will not overwhelm him. When he has any trouble, then he should seek out the chaplain. This, above all, tell him.

STUDY GUIDE

on "Home as a Teacher of Christian Attitudes"

1. *Introduction of the subject by the leader:*

The second part of the article may be used here to explain what attitudes are, and to describe the Christian faith from which Christian attitudes stem.

2. *Retelling the stories from the article by two different persons if possible.*

3. *Buzz Session, to be worked out as follows by the leader:*

a) Divide the group into small units of six or eight persons.

b) Appoint a chairman in each group who will later report for the group.

c) Urge that everyone express himself.

d) Assign one of the two stories to each group for discussion.

e) Ask each group to list the Christian attitudes that were being formed in the persons in the family it is considering.

f) Restate the question and call for group chairmen to report their lists of attitudes. A blackboard listing will help.

4. *Brief report from the article on ways in which attitudes are formed:*

This will include accidental experiences, arranged experiences, imitation, propaganda and "completed experience," with a description of each.

5. *Consideration by the group as a whole of the five ways or methods for developing Christian attitudes, and of the values and limitations of each:*

If time is limited, it may be best to confine discussion to the last method, called the "completed experience." The steps in this one are as follows:

a) Facing a situation.

b) Planning ways of dealing with it, using past and present experiences.

c) Action on the basis of a well-considered plan.

d) Looking objectively at the results of the action (action may be in the realm of thinking as well as doing), which may be done by discussion, noting further needs which became clear in the process.

e) Evaluating the experience in terms of Christian goals sought, in discussion and worship, or in worship.

6. *Discussion of specific ways of making new starts in the home:*

a) Who comes to our home? All American? All Mexican? All just like ourselves?

b) What do we talk about in family conversation at table, doing dishes, etc.? Do we concern ourselves with the attitudes we take?

c) What is on our reading table? Are there books and pictures and stories representing the whole family?

d) What stake do the members of our family have in organizations and move-

ments, meetings and activities, to lift the level of life for all people?

e) Is there enough spiritual nourishment in our family life to grow virile spiritual persons?

A period of quiet should follow the statement of questions, to give everyone time to consider his own family life, and to come to a decision of one needed area for growth in Christian attitudes and first steps in working toward it.

Close with a prayer.

When Children Come With You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. There are stories in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library which could be used.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books such as *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming. Easter greeting cards might be made for family and friends.

Direct Games. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Nina Millen.

Lead a Missionary Project. For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York; Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

7. *Discussion of follow-up plans which would enable the families of the group to become better acquainted with minority groups:*

a) A panel at a subsequent meeting, in which several racial groups would be represented, to work out ways to make our homes Christian in relation to other peoples.

b) A fellowship supper for the families of the group with the families of a number of the so-called "different" people as guests.

When this plan was followed in our church, the guests included: several

Japanese-American families recently moved to the city; two Chinese families, long residents of a neighboring suburb; a missionary to the northwest Indians, with colored movies of Indians in their village life; several Negro families, including a woman director of playground recreation. After an evening of eating, singing, games, movies and a closing worship service, at least a dozen families had extended or accepted invitations for home visits.

8. *Age group considerations:*

a) Young children need to be treated with respect as persons in the family. They need to meet, in the normal life of the home, all kinds of people who are treated with respect as persons. They need to become increasingly aware of each person's responsibility in the family, for the welfare and happiness of others in the family and guests.

b) Older children can take responsibility for initiating and carrying out projects in the family and between families, which are rich in opportunities for growth in Christian attitudes.

c) Adolescents help the entire family become aware of inconsistencies in what is said about Christian relationships, and what is done or practiced within the family and in relation to outsiders. There is need for the family to help the adolescent face facts objectively and to help him make constructive changes.

d) Adults grow spiritually as they learn from the clearer insights of their young; as they try to understand the demands of the new age; as they face daily in their study of the Bible and in prayer the demands of the gospel upon the Christian.

9. *Additional resources:*

a) Reading resources—

New Standard Version of the New Testament, especially Romans 12 and 1 Corinthians 13.

Hartshorne: *Character in Human Relations*.

Mary Alice Jones: *The Faith of Our Children*, Chapter 8.

Mary Alice Jones: *Guiding Children in Christian Growth*, Chapter 3.

Herman Sweet: *Opening the Doors for God*.

Lunger: *Bridges of Friendship*.

Elliott: *Building Bridges*.

b) Audio Visual Resources—

For all People, Cathedral Films, produced for U.C.M.S.

Brotherhood of Man, based on Public Affairs Pamphlet, "The Races of Mankind."

Prejudice, Protestant Film Commission.

By DOROTHEA PFLUG

Family Life in Jamaica

(From page 17.)

things." Usually, they could find enough clothing for the wedding ceremony, but a ring costs a lot, plus a trip into the city. So the pastor in that village contacted the Women's Federation, a group of women headed by the Governor's wife, who specialized in "mass marriages." He found that he could get rings at cost—thirteen shillings, or the equivalent of about two dollars. But how could he know the size? The rings were in Kingston, and the brides were twenty miles away. To solve the problem, he carried some wire and a pair of pliers with him. Whenever "sweethearts" agreed to marry, he made a ring of stiff wire, to fit the bride's finger. And with that to indicate the size, he purchased a wedding ring to fit. Seventeen couples were married in that small community, most of whom came into the church and let the church reach into their homes to make them more Christian.

Jamaica's problem of homemaking is not caused by any lack of preaching. Every community has been well preached to. In fact, every school teaches the Bible and religion until Jamaicans know the Word of God better than some of us do. Every Jamaican layman can take a text and preach like a veteran preacher. But Jamaicans lack the training and the imagination to apply these words to life, and to integrate them into personality. So the church is finding it necessary to train its leaders as experts in better homemaking, to teach the natives about foods, handicrafts, contouring, cooperatives. It realizes that below a certain economic level (and 80%

of the Jamaicans live below that level) there can be no better life without better living.

BETTER LIVING in Jamaica is made extremely difficult by the poverty of the soil, mostly mountainous, and the density of population, which is more than two hundred to the square mile. Frequent hurricanes devastate the meager crops and demolish their thatched huts. The church must furnish shelter for them, sometimes under its own roof, if that is left on. The storm that hit the island in 1951 was the worst in three hundred years. Over one hundred and fifty people died in it, largely because the shacks they lived in were not substantial enough to protect them against the winds and flying debris. Jamaica knows how to build better homes, even possesses the raw materials, but lacks the means to do it. Some twenty per cent live in houses that are good. Probably another twenty per cent have homes that are passing fair. But the great majority are ill-housed. Since the climate is mild the year round, this inadequacy is overlooked. It should be noted, however, that below a certain level, good family life and adequate housing go hand in hand.

As noted earlier in this article, since 1938 Jamaica has made rapid strides toward better family life. While Jamaica Welfare furnished the challenge and much of the leadership, the churches were the backbone of this movement. In Jamaica the "letter" of the Gospel of Christ has been known for centuries. Only now, however, is it being realized in "spirit and in truth"; only now is it slowly but surely becoming an integral part of Jamaican family life.

The Home as a Teacher of Christian Attitudes

(From page 15.)

5. *By the conscious process of living as a growing Christian family in which Christian attitudes are operative and are being formed in the process.* This is true because Christian attitudes are not a body of "sets" to be understood and adopted, but a quality of response leading to action in the direction of better Christian living by the individual and by the group. They open up new avenues for other responses leading to other actions. This fifth method, it should be stated, is the one from which the most effective results are to be expected. It is both means and end.

The Bible is indispensable in the process of developing Christian attitudes in the family. Care must be taken, however, that Bible characters, incidents and teachings are not merely read about and appreciated and then entirely disregarded. Rather, they must be appropriated for our own use, either as a way of behaving or as a measuring rod for our thought and conduct.

Christian attitudes are best taught in the home. Here the Christian family will bring to bear upon their problems or plans their own past experiences and those of others, including the ones recorded in the Bible. The Christian family will work at their problems together, giving serious thought to the results, evaluating the outcome in terms of their Christian goals and Christian faith, and, if need be, changing their purpose accordingly. And the process continues as new activities and responsibilities emerge from previous ones.

Party Sandwiches

(From page 39.)

Roquefort-Vegetable Log Sandwiches

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|--|--|
| ¾ cup chopped cabbage | 1 tablespoon ground Roquefort cheese |
| ½ teaspoon chopped green pepper | 2 lengthwise slices whole wheat cut from unsliced loaf |
| 2 tablespoons chopped celery | ¼ cup soft butter or margarine |
| 2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing | |

Combine cabbage, green pepper, celery, mayonnaise and cheese. Spread each slice of bread with butter. Spread half of the filling over each slice. Cut each lengthwise slice into 4 cross sections. Roll each section up tightly as for jelly roll. Wrap in waxed paper and place on a cookie sheet so that roll rests on last turn of bread; chill. To serve, cut each roll in half. Yield: 16 sandwiches.

Shrimp-Olive Swirl Sandwiches

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------|
| ¼ cup pimiento cream cheese | ¼ teaspoon lemon juice |
| ¼ teaspoon chili sauce | 4 slice enriched bread |
| 3 tablespoons finely chopped shrimp | 2 or 3 ripe olives |

Combine cheese, chili sauce, shrimp and lemon juice. Cut each slice of bread into 4 circles with a cookie cutter. Spread 1 teaspoon cheese mixture on each circle. Garnish top of each sandwich with slivers of ripe olives arranged in a swirl pattern. Yield: 16 sandwiches.

Deviled Ham-Peanut Butter Star Sandwiches

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1/3 cup peanut butter | 3 tablespoons chopped dill pickles |
| 1 3-ounce can deviled ham | 9 slices white bread |
| ¼ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing | 1 teaspoon chopped green pepper |

Combine peanut butter, ham, mayonnaise and pickles. Cut each slice of bread into 4 stars with a cookie cutter. Place one teaspoon ham mixture in center of each star. Garnish top with a piece of green pepper. Yield: 36 sandwiches.

Cream Cheese-Deviled Ham Ribbon Sandwiches

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 three-ounce can deviled ham | 1 lengthwise slice white bread cut from unsliced loaf |
| 1 three-ounce package cream cheese | 3 tablespoons soft butter or margarine |
| 2 lengthwise slices whole wheat bread cut from unsliced loaf | |

Combine ham and cheese. Spread each slice of bread with butter. Spread half of the mixture on one slice of whole wheat bread; top with the slice of white bread, buttered side down. Spread the remaining mixture on the white slice. Top with second slice of whole wheat bread, buttered side down. Wrap in waxed paper, twisting ends of paper; chill. To serve: unwrap and cut sandwich loaf crosswise into 16 sections. Yield: 16 sandwiches.



Books for the Hearth Side

Young children will find satisfaction in **All Falling Down**, by Gene Zion (Harper & Brothers, unpagcd, \$1.75). It is a picture of the little child's world, and all the things in it that come falling down, but it will give them a comfortable reassurance of order and dependability. The book ends with a warm surprise, and depicts the magic quality of family living. The pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham are part of the charm of the book. This book has been produced by a new husband-and-wife juvenile team.

Skit and Skat, by Morgan Dennis (The Viking Press, 42 pages, \$1.50), is a delightful tale of a black cocker puppy and an Angora cat. Skit, the cocker, had a perfect world of his own until Skat came to pry into everything. When Skat got into real trouble, Skit came to the rescue, and discovered his real feelings for Skat. The illustrations will please the children, especially those who have the book read to them. Children who have just learned to read will also enjoy the text.

Polly's Oats, by Marc Simont (Harper & Brothers, unpagcd, \$1.75), tells how Polly, the work horse, after a dreary life, achieved happiness—and oats to eat. It shows the results of favoritism, and tells how it may be overcome by fair play. Young children will enjoy hearing the story and older ones will want to read it for themselves.

The Night the Storm Came, by Gladys Relyea (Aladdin Books, unpagcd, \$1.75, \$1.75), is the story of Rickie, a little boy who liked all noises but thunder. One day Rickie and his dog Boxie spent a day at a lighthouse on an island. When a thunderstorm came, Rickie discovered the cause of the noise, and overcame his fear. The illustrations add interest and excitement. Children who have just learned to read will enjoy this story. It is also a good one for reading aloud in a family with young children.

Fluffy and Bluffy, by Alene Dalton (Children's Press, unpagcd, \$1.00), is the story of two little dogs who set out to find their mother the nicest present in the world because they love her so much. They have many experiences and finally, badly frightened, they rush home to their mother without a gift. She embraces them vigorously, saying they have brought her the nicest present in the world. Both little dogs are puzzled; then mother explains that love is the nicest present in the world, especially when it is wrapped up in a great big hug. There is a nice feeling of family life about this book with its delightful pictures by Mary Gehr.

Whopper Whale, by Anne Vaughan (Children's Press, unpagcd, \$1.00), is just what the name implies—a story about the biggest whale in the ocean. Not only is he the biggest in size, but Whopper is also the most boastful. Trying to prove his boasts, he has a sad experience. From it he learns to laugh at himself, and the ocean becomes a better place in which to live.

Lost and Found, by Kathryn Hitte (Abingdon-Cokesbury, unpagcd, \$1.00), is about a kitten, a puppy, and a little boy who got lost. The kitten could see in the dark, and got home to its mother. The puppy could smell, and it, too, got home

to its mother. The little boy could think and talk, and he got home to his mother. The pictures by Priscilla Pointer are full of action and add to the interest of the brief text. The lesson of thinking and talking will not be lost on young children who hear or read the story.

Swimming Hole, by Jerrold Beim (Morrow Junior Books, unpagcd, \$2.00), is an important book in these days of racial prejudice. Larry and his friends went swimming every day. They had other good fun. One day, Steve, who had just moved into the neighborhood, went with the gang. He tied up the boys' clothes because he did not want to swim with a colored boy. Steve did not know that he was red with sunburn. All the boys refused to play with anyone his color. Steve finally decided that color does not matter and he and Larry became good friends. Mr. Beim meets children in typical situations, and presents an essential point of view clearly and dramatically. The pictures by Louis Darling add to the force of the truth presented. This book will be a favorite of children six to nine years of age.

Another book of ridiculous but loving, family-centered adventure is to be found in **Further Pottleby Adventures**, by Gertrude Crampton (Alladin Books, 93 pages, \$1.75), the third book in the Pottleby series. Like the others, it shows their generous attitude toward each other, their unfailing courtesy, their deep love and loyalty. Nine-year-olds will enjoy reading it, but it is also a good book to read aloud in the family.

Little Fur Family, by Margaret Wise Brown (Harper and Brothers, unpagcd, \$1.75), tells about the events in the day of the little fur child. Written in poetic prose, it has colored illustrations by Garth Williams which add to the charm of the book. There is a warm, loving family feeling throughout the story. Originally published in 1946, this is a new edition in a different size and format, and will be welcomed by young children.

Four more books have been added to the Childhood of Famous Americans series (Bobbs-Merrill Co., price \$1.75 each). They are **Wilbur and Orville Wright, Boys With Wings**, by Augusta Stevenson (192 pages), which tells of their early experiences in trying to answer the question, "What makes things fly?" Always tinkering on some project, they spent all the money they earned to buy more materials to make more experiments. These stories of their experiences at school, family activities, fun with Indian games, circuses, stilts and kites, and their first successful experiment in flight, will delight present-day boys and girls.

Lucretia Mott, Girl of Old Nantucket, by Constance Buel Burnett (192 pages), is the story of a little Quaker girl often accused of having a bold tongue! The trouble was that Lucretia could not withhold her terrible indignation when people did not act fairly. And she wasn't afraid to speak out against unfairness. All her life Lucretia protested courageously against injustice, and to be the champion of human rights. In so doing, she became one of the famous women of the nineteenth century.

Happiness—Unlimited

(From page 5.)

"It wasn't Isaiah, child, it was Daniel," corrected Bob good-humoredly. "But you are right about the church bringing security to life. Mr. Johnson, my psychology teacher, says that fear is the greatest obstacle to human progress, and that if fear could be taken out of the world, war and economic inequalities would end."

"But how can the church do that? It sounds pretty far-fetched to me," said Sandra Sue, maintaining her argument.

"Because the church takes fear away from you—and worry, too. Take Martin Niemöller, for instance. He had been a German submarine commander in World War I and then became a minister in the Lutheran church. But he knew Hitler was all wrong when he began to talk about superior races and how God loved one people more than others. He said so in his pulpit. One day the secret police said to him, 'If you preach that again from your pulpit you will be arrested and placed in a concentration camp to die.' Was Niemöller afraid? Not a bit. He knew Hitler could never whip God. He went right into the pulpit and said what he believed. He was arrested, too, and was in a concentration camp all through World War II. But today Niemöller is a great man, and Hitler is dead. Why should he have been afraid? The church gave him that courage. It does the same for me. Maybe I would never be brave enough to stand up and defy a dictator—but maybe I would, for I know that the church has lived all through the centuries while dictators have come and gone." Sandra Sue was beginning to waver a little.

"I could use some of that courage stuff myself," she admitted. "I believe you would be brave, too, Bob. But me, why, I'm even afraid of life. I worry about what people will think of me, and about not having dates, and what if I should fail in school, and about a dozen other things." Bob's quiet sincerity had swept away all her reserve. "Tell me, Betty, could the church help me that way?"

"Do you ever read Barbara Bales' column?" Betty asked.

"Why, yes. I didn't suppose you would, though. You never seem to care whether you have dates or not—nor worry about the fellows."

"Well, Sandy, there's a lot of good sense in Barbara Bales. I don't know whether she goes to church or not, but some of the things she says fit, all right. I noticed the other day some girl had asked about how she could get dates, and Barbara said the surest way NOT to get dates was to worry about having them. In other words, she told the girl to be interested in other worthwhile things and dating would take care of itself. Don't you believe that, Sandy?"

"I suppose so. But then what if nothing happens?"

Here Bob cut in with the answer. "Mr. Barnes told our sociology class the other day that the reason communism appeals to young people is that it gives them a chance to lose themselves in some cause greater than themselves. Maybe that's what you need, Sandy. Not communism, of course, but the church."

"Maybe . . . maybe I've never known enough about the church at that."

"Let me tell you something else, though," replied Bob quickly, afraid that he would not get his dozen reasons in. "The church helps in a lot of very practical ways. I heard Mr. Fisher say at a banquet one evening that he owes his job as president of the Merchants Bank to the church. When he was younger, the bank was looking for a very responsible man for cashier, and the minister of the church recommended Mr. Fisher as the most responsible and honest young man he knew. Mr. Fisher got the job and finally got where he is—all because he followed the way the church led him. Why, every time you lead a worship service in the youth department, every time you preside over a committee meeting, every time you get a chance to teach a class, you are learning how to handle other people. You're on the road to becoming an executive!"

"But that isn't all," interrupted Betty, who wanted to get her ideas in, too. "Mr. Parsons preached last week on 'Stewardship of Life.' He said the Christian gets a lot more out of life than others because he knows how to divide it up and balance one part against another. His ideals make him selective."

Just then Bob glanced down at his watch. "Look, Sandy," he said, "there are still a lot of other reasons for taking part in church activities, but we ought to let you find out a few of them for yourself. Now don't get the idea there's no fun at church. Do Betty and I look starved for good times?"

"You sure don't. I think I'm the one that has been starved. Just how does one go about getting started?" asked Sandy.

"The best way I can think of right now, since we've been holding down this corner for the past fifteen minutes, is for all of us to go into Balzer's for a soda. I've talked till I'm thirsty as a sponge. You tell her about our Youth Mission and where she can fit in, Betty, while I make a survey of the Jones finances and see just how extravagant you women can be," and Bob led the way into a drugstore booth.

"You don't need to worry, Mr. Jones, about the financial situation," responded Sandra Sue with mock politeness as she and Betty were seated. "Little Sandy just got her allowance yesterday and, believe it or not, over half of it still remains in my purse. You let me pick up the check and I'll go to that committee meeting with you tonight."

"The lady has just paid the price of admission to 'Happiness, Unlimited,'" said Bob, seating himself with a bow to them both. "Waiter, bring the nectar, that we may quaff it together."

Foolish Fun

(From page 38.)

barrow in the following way. The boy puts his hands on the floor and the man takes hold of the boy's feet and lifts them as high as his waist. The ball or balloon is placed on the starting tape in front of the boy. At the word *go* the human wheelbarrow starts forward, the boy pushing the ball along with his nose or head, the man helping in every way he can to keep him behind his ball and to hurry him forward. The first ball to cross the goal line is a real "pushover" and its team wins.

Foolscap Derby.—For another exciting contest choose teams of not more than four members each. The groups line up behind the starting tape, and each leader is handed a pasteboard or paper dunce cap. When the starting signal sounds, the leader dons the cap, races to the goal line and pauses long enough to say the multiplication table of two's, from one to twelve, as fast as he can and without any mistakes. Then he races to the starting line and places the dunce cap on a second teammate, who runs forward and says the three's multiplication table. The next contestant in each team repeats the four's, and so on. This becomes quite confusing, for all the contestants will be saying different things at the same time. A contestant of one team, for example, may still be saying the three's while another is repeating the four's. If a player makes a mistake, the spectators call his attention to the fact, and he must correct it before proceeding. Needless to say, the first team to get its last player back to the starting line is the winner. The rules, of course, should be modified for different age groups. Children in the primary grades may be asked to count to ten by one's or, if more advanced, to count to 20 by 2's. In any case, the game should not be made difficult. Have fun!

Easter Bean Pot.—This is a guessing contest everyone will enjoy. Fill a glass jar with brightly colored jelly beans and see who can come closest to guessing the correct number of candies in the jar. The jar of jelly beans itself makes a nice prize for the winner of the contest.

April Fool Farewells.—When it is time for the guests to go or, if it is a family affair, for the party to end, have someone instructed ahead of time to lead off with an April Fool farewell, like this: "How do you do, Mrs. Hostess. I hope I'm not late for the party. I'm looking forward to a real good time. Now if there is anything I can do to help, just let me know. . . ."

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Cuddle Bear Makes a Mistake

(From page 26.)

Grandpa Grizzly was sweeping just inside the door.

"Hello, Cuddle Bear!" Grandpa Grizzly leaned on his pine-branch broom and called out before Cuddle Bear could turn away.

"Hello, Grandpa Grizzly!"

"You know, Cuddle Bear, I am not a very smart old bear today. I swept off my doorstep first. Now I am going to get it all dirty again. So I guess I'll have to clean off my doorstep all over again. I made a mistake all right. Next time I'll know better. Maybe that is the way we learn, eh, Cuddle, by making a mistake now and then?"

Cuddle Bear stood quite still now.

What had Grandpa Grizzly said?

"Why, do older bears make mistakes, too, Grandpa Grizzly?" Cuddle Bear heard his own voice asking.

Grandpa Grizzly threw back his head and laughed.

"Every bear, big or little, makes mistakes, Cuddle. Grandpa took one last swish over the doorstep, then came to the edge of it and sat down.

"Sit down and rest a minute, Cuddle Bear," he invited.

So Cuddle Bear sat down on the stone beside Grandpa Grizzly.

"Just one thing to do when you make a mistake. Do it over and do it right."

"Well, then that's what I am going to do," Cuddle said. Before he knew it he was telling Grandpa Grizzly about the swing.

"I'll go right now and make another one," Cuddle Bear said at the end.

"That's the bear!" Grandpa Grizzly gave Cuddle Bear a pat on the shoulder. "Make another try."

Cuddle Bear could not wait now. Soon he was on his way up the hill to the thimbleberry thicket. This time he worked longer to get his grapevine. He even laid it out on the ground to make sure it was long enough for winding around the pine limb and for two strong knots.

This time, too, after Cuddle Bear had climbed the tree and crawled out along the limb, he peeked down to see that the swing would hang close enough to the ground so he could climb into it.

"There! Now I hope this one is a good swing."

Cuddle Bear did not have to wonder long. As soon as his feet touched the ground he stepped out to see.

"Ee-e-e!" he squealed again. But this time it was a happy squeal.

"Ee-e-e!" It WAS a good swing. It hung straight at the sides. And the loop seat was just close enough to the ground so that he could give himself an easy push with his feet.

Cuddle Bear walked over to try it. As he sat down, a swish in the bushes in front of him made him look up.

"Hi, Cinnamon!" he called as a brown nose poked through the leaves. "Come and try my swing."

Cuddle Bear stood up now, and Cinnamon sat down.

"It is just right," Cinnamon gave a little push to swing himself. "Did you make it all by yourself?"

"Yes, I did." A pleased feeling grew big inside of Cuddle Bear. "I'll make one for you, too, Cinnamon Bear."

"Will you?" Cinnamon Bear was delighted. "Could I help you?"

The second grapevine swing seemed to take no time at all. Perhaps it was because Cuddle Bear knew more about it now. Anyway, Cinnamon Bear's swing turned out to be a good one, too.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(See page 40.)

"Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths" (Proverbs 3:5-6).

The Words

A. Gill	L. Shallow
B. White	M. Shanty
C. Dotted	N. Honor
D. Shut	O. Thirteen
E. Hurt	P. Wind
F. Truant	Q. Lashes
G. Land	R. Timid
H. Panther	S. Tanned
I. Cannon	T. Dill
J. Yacht	U. Wing
K. Yankee	V. Heal

"Just right," he told Cuddle Bear when he tried his own. "You know how to make swings all right."

Cuddle Bear grinned. Then he told Cinnamon Bear about the first one he had made that morning.

"That was one mistake I made. Then I made another," he told Cinnamon Bear. "I spent all day running around and being ashamed of it. Next time—" Cuddle Bear shook his head to let Cinnamon Bear know that he meant what he said—"Next time, I'll just get busy and do it over and do it right. Grandpa Grizzly says that mistakes teach us something if we do that."

And now Cinnamon Bear shook his head. But Cinnamon Bear's head went up and down to make a "yes."

"Maybe so," he agreed.

Timely Tips

BY MARY ELSNAU

● To clean papier-mâché articles, try rubbing them with a paste made of wheat flour and cottonseed oil applied with aannel cloth.

● To remove grease spots from rugs or overstuffed furniture, rub baking soda liberally into the spot. Allow to dry. Remove baking soda with a brush, vacuum cleaner or carpet sweeper.

● For cleaning your gas stove oven, wet a cloth with water; then wring it out thoroughly and saturate it with household ammonia. Leave overnight in closed oven. Next day, wipe out oven.

● Add a little vinegar to the rinse water for silk or rayon anklets, hose, colored sweaters and ribbons. This removes all traces of soap and gives the garment a newer, fresher appearance.

● Before laundering men's washable four-in-hand ties, run basting thread through them lengthwise so the lining will stay in place and not wrinkle when washed.

● When pressing the pleats of your dresses and skirts, slip bobby pin over every pleat. They do not leave marks as plain pins do when removed.





Save Easter From Christmas' Fate!

Of course, it may be too late to save Easter from the fate that has overtaken Christmas. It may already be just as commercialized as the latter observance. Both Easter and Christmas are, at the heart of them, spiritual celebrations, more so than any other of our national holidays. Both are in great danger of having that spiritual significance blacked out.

Easter is vastly more than new clothes, beautiful flowers, rabbits, eggs, and little chicks. It is Christianity's answer to the deepest, most universal, most persistent question that man has asked. It is the conviction that man bears the mark of eternity. It is the affirmation of the "soul's invincible surmise." It is the assurance that man is more than dust, that he is made in the image of God.

The church and the home both have a stake in keeping the spiritual significance of Easter uppermost in the minds of the people. This does not mean that the other associations of Easter are all bad and have no place in the life of the Christian home. It does mean that they must not have *first* place.

Easter is a good time to remember the words of one of our great men, "It must be of the spirit if we are to save the flesh."

What Easter Means to 300,000

There are 300,000 children and adults in the United States and its territories for whom Easter has a very special meaning. They are the ones who are benefited by the sale of Easter Seals each year. From March 13 to April 13 the 19th Annual Easter Seal Campaign will be conducted. In the past, as a result of the sales of these stamps, direct services were given to more than 300,000 crippled children and adults. These services included surgery, treatment and training, convalescent care, special education, recreation, employment opportunities and counseling. Little Yvonne, whose picture appears here, is only one of

these thousands whose future is made brighter by those who minister to human need through the support of the Easter Seal funds.



By sharing in the work that is done by the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Inc., we can help to give the Easter season the spiritual meaning it ought to have.

Remember Those New Members!

Many girls and boys in the homes where this magazine will come this month, are new Christians. That is, they have taken direct, personal, and deliberately chosen action to become followers of Jesus. It is a step that will mean much to them and to others as well. Parents and others in the home will need to remember how thoughtful consideration and help at this period will enable these new Christians to get started right in the new life that is theirs. Above all, do not expect them to be perfect saints immediately. They, too, must grow in grace.

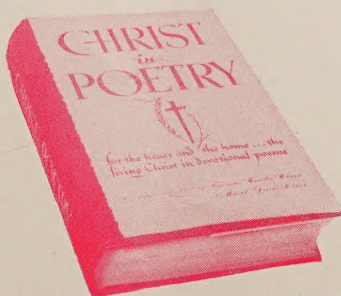
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COWARDS OR CONQUERORS

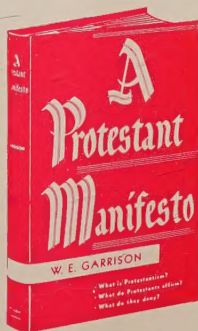
By Herschel H. Hobbs. Eight glowing messages to a world clouded by war and confusion. These sermons are fresh from the pulpit of a preacher who genuinely believes the gospel of Christ to be the divine remedy for all human ills. They are developed logically and illustrated by incidents from life and literature. Through them, men of our day can conquer sins of the flesh and live victoriously in Christ. **\$2.00**

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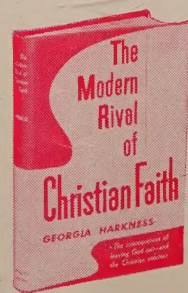


THE ROMANCE OF DOORBELLS

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The MODERN RIVAL of CHRISTIAN FAITH

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SOME TIME EVERY DAY

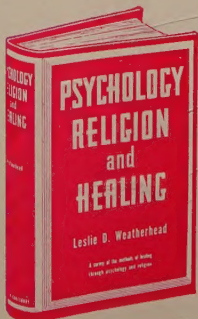
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Help comes from the most unexpected sources"

SO BEGINS a letter from a young woman we never knew until now. She is ill in a New England hospital. One morning some weeks ago she was "very low in spirit" when one of the hospital employees—an elderly woman—came into her room to mop the floor.

As the woman worked she talked and, with quick sympathy, sensed the patient's mental depression. "I'm going to bring you a little book to read. I think it will help you," she said. Mrs. M——— thanked her, wondering if she would remember.

On the following morning the attendant came into the room. "This is the book I promised to bring you," she said and handed Mrs. M——— a copy of the daily devotional, *THE SECRET PLACE*.

The letter concludes: "I have read only a little of it thus far having received it only a few hours ago. But I can see it is going to prove a great treasure and a much-

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